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## THE SPEAKER'S NEWEST RULES.

THE issue of a supplementary code of restrictive rules by the SPEAKER has justly occasioned a feeling, not only of surprise, but of irritation, which will last long beyond the present period of "urgency." The House of Commons had already submitted to very considerable restrictions, not merely on its own liberty, but on the action necessary for safeguarding the public welfare. It submitted to these because a certain temporary pressure was intolerable, and on the faith of the advice of its responsible chiefs. If, however, these restrictions are to be constantly drawn tighter by new and ever-new strains, it will become—indeed, it has already become—a question whether the remedy is not worse than the disease. The latest innovation tended not merely to prevent lengthened debate on amendments in Committee, but to prevent the introduction of amendments at all. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE only did his duty as a leader of the Opposition in raising this objection, and the SPEAKER's official immunity aggravates the difficulty. It is obvious that, under the new rule, it is possible for suggestions of great value to be not merely rejected or insufficiently discussed, but to be refused a hearing altogether, for very much the same extinguisher as that which had been put on them in Committee can easily be reapplied on the report or on the motion for recommitment. This rule, it must be remembered, is an actual edict, and it can only be reversed by the SPEAKER's will or by the House freeing itself from its state of urgency altogether, as, thanks to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, it can do. This extreme course is not likely to be resorted to, but it must be a matter for very serious consideration with the Opposition and with independent supporters of the Government what course they will pursue, not only now and during the progress of the present Bill, but at a later period also. The discussion in Committee has indeed been unduly prolonged; but it is unfortunately the fact that much of this prolongation might have been avoided had the conduct of affairs in the Chair been surer and more decided. It was irresolution and want of leadership which necessitated the original *coup d'état*; want of leadership and irresolution are now requiring continual additions to the arbitrary powers granted after that *coup*. When it is remembered that not merely is the effect of some of the new rules most problematical, but that every encroachment of the kind weakens the chance of orderly and regular management, out of urgency, in the future, the situation becomes exceedingly grave. Upon the conduct of the Opposition in reference to this question there depends more than has for many years depended on the conduct of a minority.

## IRELAND.

TIME will show whether a partial payment of rent, voluntarily or under compulsion, indicates any real change in the condition of Ireland. The tenants of the Duke of LEINSTER were some time ago encouraged or induced by the Land League to withhold payment of rent, except with an arbitrary deduction assessed by themselves. They have on reconsideration, and probably in anticipation of the collapse of the Land League, come to the conclusion that it is for their interest to satisfy the condition on which alone they have a right to their holdings. The delusion

that they could set law as well as honesty at defiance has probably been shaken by the introduction of the Protection Bill. In several other cases a similar result has been produced by causes which are in some degree still uncertain. It is still more satisfactory to find that through the exertions of an Association for the defence of property the law has been enforced against contumacious defaulters by the seizure and sale of their goods. It is possible that the landlords as well as the Government were unduly panic-stricken by the violence of the Land League agitation; but the danger of asserting legal rights has been perceptibly diminished since the beginning of the Parliamentary Session. It is only by comparison that the present state of Ireland can be regarded with even the faintest satisfaction. The recovery of debt by the process of distraint and sale has only been rendered possible by the presence of a large force of police, and by the exertions of a voluntary Association. The comparative lull of agrarian crime furnishes no argument against exceptional legislation. It is still impossible either to procure necessary evidence or to obtain honest verdicts from juries. If it is true that some of the most criminal agents of the Land League are already escaping to America, they would remain, or immediately return, if the Government were weak enough to withdraw the Protection Bill. The threats of the DILLONS and DAVITTS that the League will organize a general refusal of rent as soon as the Bill is passed are probably idle bluster; and, if the attempt is likely to be made, it will of itself abundantly justify measures of coercion. The conspirators are strangely inconsistent in their accounts of the character and nature of the Land League; for some Parliamentary purposes it is but the machinery of legal agitation, while at other times its malignant influence is exaggerated for purposes of intimidation.

The device of providing feminine substitutes for the absent managers of the League is not felicitous. Revolutionary jargon in the mouths of women degenerates into unbecoming but harmless prattle. It is not a little surprising that even unscrupulous demagogues should encourage the female members of their families to make themselves ridiculous. They are well assured of immunity from punishment, even if they should be tempted to indulge in seditious language; but the notorious fact that they expose themselves to no danger will render their harangues less exciting. For a few weeks the novelty of the performance may perhaps produce some additional contributions to the treasury of the League; but, on the whole, the collections are becoming less productive, and every tenant who pays his rent will be lost to the organization as a subscriber. The lady who first addressed a meeting of the League made liberal offers of assistance to claimants on the bounty of the League; but it would seem that the bulk of the funds is retained for some unknown purpose, and that it is in the meantime invested in foreign securities. Occupiers who have been persuaded by the demagogues to apply to their own purposes the money with which they ought to have paid their debts will scarcely be able to establish a claim to additional benefactions. They are indeed told that they have the best right to the money because it was contributed by themselves; but if the donors are also recipients of the bounty of the League, they might more conveniently have kept the money in their pockets. The labourers who have been deprived of employment by the deliberate action of the League have a much better claim to a share of its funds;

but the farmers have never profited by the exhortation of the League orators that they should provide work for the victims of agitation.

Lord GRANVILLE would perhaps have declined to answer an injudicious question as to the declaration of one of the Roman Catholic Bishops, if he had not thought himself bound in courtesy to read to the House of Lords a letter which he had received from the incriminated prelate. The gloss was less intelligible than the text; and neither document could properly attract the notice of Parliament. The authority of the law in no way depends on the sanction or disapproval of the POPE. It is for the interest or credit of the Church, and not as an ally of England, that the POPE has formally warned the Irish hierarchy against connivance with disorder and crime. It is not surprising that, at a time when the Church affects throughout the Continent to be the champion of law and established right, the chief representative of Catholicism should earnestly deprecate an alliance of any section of the priesthood with revolution. His counsels are wise; but they are not destined to prevail. LEO XIII. has already had experience in Belgium of the limits which an Ultramontane clergy imposes on canonical obedience. PIUS IX. was apparently obeyed by the most fanatical bishops and priests because he invariably supported their extreme pretensions. A statesman and man of the world finds that local Churches are capable of preferring their own passions or supposed interests to the commands of the POPE. The answer of the Irish prelates to the POPE's letter addressed to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of DUBLIN, is an undisguised warning that he must mind his own business. The common forms of submission and deference are scarcely intended to disguise their determination to throw in their lot with the seditious Land League. They of course declare that they have always deprecated crime, but they avow complete sympathy with the agitation from which the outrages proceed. Mr. PARNELL's recent alliance with a notorious and inveterate enemy of the Catholic Church in France will not alienate his priestly supporters. They would probably prefer a devout demagogue of the type of O'CONNELL; but they cannot afford to offend the malcontent peasantry; and an improving landlord, such as Mr. BENGE JONES, is much more obnoxious to them than a member of the Paris Commune. No further remonstrance which the POPE may think fit to issue will practically affect the conduct of the hierarchy.

The debate in Committee on the Protection Bill has almost ceased to command attention. The Irish members consume much time in discussing amendments which are for the most part inconsistent with the principle of the Bill; but of late they have conformed for the most part to the rules of the House. Perhaps they may consider it a triumph to have caused the SPEAKER to assume a power of peremptorily closing a debate. It was fortunate that under the new regulations they were not at liberty to declaim at length on the law which allows the Secretary of State to open letters sent by post. Sir W. HARCOURT rightly declined to give them any information as to his exercise or non-exercise of his powers. No Minister is likely in the present day to commit the gross error of Sir JAMES GRAHAM, who placed his authority at the disposal of a foreign Government. Before his time, the power was most largely used by Mr. Fox during the short tenure of office which preceded his death. It is, indeed, not impossible that some of his predecessors may have violated the secrecy of the Post Office without leaving their proceedings on record. The indignation of some English Radicals on the sudden discovery that a well-known law is still in force forms an odd illustration of the force of prejudice. Modern Liberalism almost always sides with the opponents of lawful authority, and insists that rulers shall bear the sword in vain. There is no reason why crime should be protected because it is committed by means of letters sent through the Post Office. The formalities which are required by law, including signature of a warrant by the Secretary of State, furnish abundant security against the risk of the indulgence by Government functionaries of officious curiosity. It is possible that Sir JAMES GRAHAM's successors may, like himself, misapply their constitutional powers; but it is necessary to repose confidence in public servants, and especially in those of the highest rank. Those who declaim against Protection Bills as exceptional and anomalous might be expected to acquiesce for the moment in the enforcement of ordinary law. It is perhaps improbable that any important mystery

will be disclosed through the examination of suspicious letters. Conspirators will be on their guard against a danger to which their attention has been directed. Many questions addressed to Ministers about the Post Office and other matters are evidently suggested by a wish to ascertain how much is known of the operations of the Land League. A wholesome alarm has been created by hints and fragmentary statements of the secret information in the hands of the Government.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND THE BOERS.

IT is stated, apparently on sufficient authority, that the Cabinet at its last meeting took into consideration certain proposals which had been made by the leaders of the insurgent Boers to the Government through Sir G. COLLEY. The communication probably resulted from the letter which the President of the ORANGE FREE STATE lately addressed to Mr. PRETORIUS and his colleagues. That some negotiations were in progress was announced or admitted by Lord KIMBERLEY, and Lord BEACONSFIELD justly described the transaction as suspicious or anomalous; but the Government, whether or not its policy is justifiable, incurs no additional blame through its refusal to communicate its proceedings to Parliament and to the world in general. An impression unfortunately prevails that, among the many virtues of which the Ministers and their friends constantly boast, a delicate and scrupulous regard for the national honour is not included. If their overtures are confined to a repetition of the proposals already made to the Government of the Orange Free State, there is reason to hope that the negotiation may prove abortive. It seems absurd to offer peace to victorious rebels on condition that they should desist from armed resistance. The Boers could have preserved the peace at their pleasure on the same terms; and they had been repeatedly assured that they might have representative institutions as soon as they recognized the authority of the English Crown. It is not improbable that the Government has now gone further. According to a credible report the Transvaal is promised local independence on condition of making peace. The phrase of local independence may not be the less acceptable because it is ambiguous. The Boers will not fail to consider with some reason that they have asserted their military superiority; and that the concessions of the English Government may be interpreted liberally because they will seem to have been extorted by defeat. Nothing is easier than for the population of a remote province to disregard the qualifying epithet, and to exercise complete political independence. The result need not have been greatly regretted if it had been effected by amicable means; but until the misfortunes of Laing's Nek and Ingogo have been retrieved the conclusion of peace would be a doubtful advantage.

The confusion which necessarily attends a combination of diplomacy with war will perhaps be avoided by the refusal of the Boers to negotiate. It is not to be supposed that the Government has conceded their full demands; and it has not yet proved its ability to impose harder terms. It is said that a good effect had been produced at the Cape by Mr. GLADSTONE's declaration that the sovereignty of the Transvaal would not be renounced. It is generally expedient to discourage opponents and to inspire friends with confidence. A Government which announces its determination to succeed has rendered victory easier. On the other hand, a provisional surrender of disputed claims diminishes the value of the stake for which the belligerents are contending. If local independence has been offered, it will be difficult even after a successful war to re-establish Imperial authority. The Boers may argue with some show of justice that, if such an arrangement was admissible in negotiation, it ought for the general benefit to be confirmed. The supposed offer implies an abandonment of the ground which has been taken by the apologists of the Government, if not by itself. Local independence would, as in the Southern States of the American Union before the civil war, include an absolute control by the Boers of their domestic institutions. It is true that Sir WILFRID LAWSON is in no danger of losing the *rol.* which he has offered for a proof that the English Government has since the annexation interfered with slavery in the Transvaal. Its representatives have been so anxious to conciliate the Boers



that they have perhaps winked at social abuses; yet the natives are well aware that the English authorities are their natural protectors; and under the new Government it would have been impossible for adventurers to make private war on native tribes for the purpose of taking children as captives. Any grant of local independence which failed to provide for the safety of the English minority in the Transvaal would be utterly unjustifiable; yet the dominant party would almost certainly use irresponsible power for purposes of persecution. A German writer, well acquainted with South Africa, has undertaken the defence of the annexation and of the refusal of the English Government to restore independence. He has perhaps laid too much stress on aversion to slavery as a motive which is supposed to have determined the policy of the English Government; but it is not a little remarkable that the Society for the Protection of Natives urges the Government to prosecute the war.

Conjectures as to the results of military movements are always unprofitable; but it is comparatively easy to form a judgment of the inferences which are to be drawn from past events. It would seem that both the serious miscarriages which have occurred might have been avoided if Sir G. COLLEY could have disposed of a larger force. At Laing's Nek he had no reserve to support his first attack; and in the unfortunate attempt to escort the convoy from Newcastle to the camp, he was compelled to sustain a fire to which he could not effectually reply. As might be expected, the insurgents are from their want of artillery powerless against a defensive position. The garrisons in different parts of the Transvaal are secure, as long as they are supplied with provisions. In some instances they attacked the enemy's posts at some distance from their own fortifications, not without success. Sir G. COLLEY appears not to have been molested since his repulse at Ingogo. It is not yet certain that his communications are completely reopened; but the successful advance of Sir EVELYN WOOD to Newcastle will relieve the camp from blockade. It is difficult to understand the state of circumstances in which a commanding officer, surrounded or blockaded, and concerned only to maintain his position till reinforcements arrive, can be at the same time engaged, with the sanction of his Government, in a negotiation for peace. It has lately been observed that Sir G. COLLEY has the advantage of political experience. Military prudence is a still more valuable accomplishment. Soldiers have often been skilful diplomatists; but the Romans preferred leaders who confined themselves in the field to their special business:

*Non cauponantes bellum, sed belligerantes.*

It would of course be unjust to blame Sir G. COLLEY for transmitting to the Government at home any proposals which the enemy may make, or for executing the orders which he may receive in answer. The most effective mode of securing a just and reasonable peace would be a successful passage of the defile at Laing's Nek after the junction with Sir EVELYN WOOD, which has probably been by this time effected.

One of the two sects into which the philanthropists are at present oddly divided will probably admire the curious document composed by the Boer leaders soon after the outbreak of the war. Their sentimental sympathy with the English soldiers who have fallen, "victims of 'tyranny and cruelty,'" may be passed over without notice. The material part of the narrative is the statement that Sir OWEN LANYON is responsible for the first resort to force. Any uninformed reader would suppose that the English ADMINISTRATOR is accused of having ordered the troops to fire on the Boers before they had assumed the character of insurgents; but the authors of the paper proceed to explain their meaning by recounting the attack of the Boers on the detachment of the 94th Regiment. They could not, as they allege, allow the English garrison to be largely reinforced, and they were consequently compelled to require the commanding officer to halt or retire. On his refusal, his men were killed or taken prisoners by the gentle and harmless sufferers who now complain of having been driven into revolt. As the collision had become inevitable, it matters little whether the first blow was struck in vindication of the law or as an act of deliberate rebellion; but the transparent sophistry which the insurgents think it worth while to employ suggests a doubt whether they believe their cause to be absolutely just. It cannot at present be known whether their offers of negotiation imply a genuine desire for a settlement.

They can scarcely hope that the most pliable of Governments will concede to force the terms which were formally refused immediately before the beginning of the revolt; but they will naturally interpret the language of the Ministers in Parliament as an encouragement of all but their extreme pretensions. The leaders may perhaps apprehend the collapse of resistance if the English troops, on a second attempt, force their way into the open country beyond the passes. Mr. BRAND is apparently determined to the best of his power to maintain strict neutrality; and, if he should be overruled by the Volksraad, the Boers of the Transvaal might perhaps not derive unmixed advantage from an alliance which would entitle the English generals to use at their discretion the territory of the Free State.

#### SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS ON THE ARMY.

IT is not often that the much-abused and religiously observed practice of after-dinner oratory produces such a speech as that which General Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS delivered the other night at the Mansion House. The usual tendency of a popular favourite upon whom it rains gold boxes is to express the most effusive gratitude and to praise everything and everybody. General ROBERTS's gratitude was no doubt great, but perhaps he could not have better expressed it than by the speech, disquieting as it was in some respects, which he made. That speech was neither more nor less than a most spirited attack on the whole system which at present governs the British army. Short service and the shifting of men from regiment to regiment are the JACHIN and the BOAZ of that system, and it is these two pillars which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS has set himself to pull down. Considering that his speech was delivered before an audience which included the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and the SECRETARY for WAR, such an utterance from a general in Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's position was in the highest degree remarkable. It is true that the former of these authorities in a way led up to the speech of the guest of the evening. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE's pointed reference to "seasoned 'troops—seasoned troops, gentlemen'"—gave, in a way, the text upon which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS proceeded to preach such a remarkable sermon.

The speech was perhaps all the more effective because it contained very little rhetoric and a great deal of solid fact. What Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS said, put briefly, amounts to this—that what he did at the Peiwar, at Charasiab, and at Candahar, will be, if we go on as we are going on now, impossible to repeat a very few years hence. The regiments with which, if he did not exactly win Plasseys and Assayes, he went everywhere that he had to go, and did everything that he had to do, were almost entirely regiments of long-service men. In the 92nd the sergeants averaged fifteen years' service, the corporals eleven, and the privates nine. These men, and others like them, Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS found equal to any work that he could put upon them. The regiments recently arrived from England, and exhibiting the full results of the short-service system, were, if not exactly good for nothing, at any rate rather a burden than an assistance; and the GENERAL says flatly that, if he had had to attack the Peiwar Kotul with only such troops as were some of those supplied to him, he should have been annihilated. His estimate is that it takes three years in India to make the raw recruits we send out there fit for duty—that is to say, that fifteen battalions of infantry out of our garrison of India are fit even for garrison duty in time of peace only. Even the seasoned troops which, luckily for England, were available in the Afghan war could not have been kept without a violation of the existing regulations. When the war broke out a second time the 92nd had one hundred and fifty time-expired men. They offered to re-enlist if they were allowed to remain in their own corps without being transferred to other regiments, and the authorities winking at this infraction of the regulations, a body of men who would have been cheaply bought in exchange for a whole regiment of youngsters were saved to the service. The 92nd has now gone to the Transvaal to be stalked by the Boer rifles, and every man we lose of it will be, under present arrangements, simply irreplaceable. Sir FREDERICK naturally did not draw this unpleasant moral; but the facts which he mentioned exhibit in the strongest possible light the two points of which he wished to bring out

the importance—namely, long service and the necessity of attaching men to their corps in order to obtain long service. It is not surprising that the out-and-out upholders of short service should have been aghast at the speech. They try to point out that there was a Zulu as well as an Afghan war, and that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY spoke as well of his recruits as Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS of his veterans. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, it might have been remembered, saw but little of the Zulu war, and those who did see it have for the most part had a very different tale to tell. We should have thought that the very wisest thing short-service fanatics could do would be not to mention the Zulu war at all, for in that war all the defects of their favourite system were brought out most glaringly. Scarcity, inability to resist climate and exertion, discontent with the ordinary hardships of war, want of cohesion of regiments, want of discipline, want of dash, are things which, whether on the whole justly or not, have certainly been charged against the raw and miscellaneous drafts sent to fight the Zulus. There has not been a whisper of such things as regards the seasoned veterans who luckily were still at hand to fight the Afghans.

Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS's words are made more weighty by his full recognition of the merit which, along with its defects, short service has—that of providing, without exorbitant expense, a considerable force for home defence. It is true that the Reserve has woefully failed to answer the expectations formed of it, but it exists. What Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS advocates is a combination of short and long service—short for the home army, long for the troops appointed to the trying task of garrisoning our scattered possessions, and fighting our endless little wars. The proposal may not be an absolutely new one, but it has not before been put with so much force or by so well qualified a proposer. There would be difficulties in it, no doubt; there are difficulties in everything. But it is not difficult to see that, besides obviating the special dangers of which General ROBERTS complains, and of which the Zulu war gave such an unpleasant foretaste, the plan, could it be carried into operation, would have many other advantages. The home army term of service might be still further shortened, say to five years, or even three, which would be ample for the special purpose. If the present senseless social disqualifications on private soldiers were done away with, a passage through the army might at length become what it has been the despairing hope of successive army reformers to make it—a not unpopular interlude in the life of the working classes. There would always be plenty of men who would in this time of service contract a sufficient love of the profession to volunteer for the foreign army, in which, of course, long service would be obligatory. Nor, we suppose, would Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS object to the foreign service regiments taking their turn now and then at home. Indeed, as he himself said, the change would practically amount to the institution of a kind of perpetually embodied militia at home, with a somewhat diminished, but thoroughly seasoned, regular army abroad. Perhaps not the least merit of the plan is that the greatest curse of the short-service system, the impossibility of finding non-commissioned officers fit for their work, and of sufficient age and authority, would at once cease. The foreign army would be able to supply the home forces with any number of such men. Indeed the scheme, at least on paper, has few, if any, features which are not attractive. Of course it is difficult, or rather impossible, to tell how it would work in a country where demands upon the army are so trying, and social and political conditions so unfavourable to recruiting, as in Great Britain. Short service, with the condition of Ireland and the intentions of Russia, may be said to be the three points on which—between partisans—argument is hopeless. Those who quote the Zulu war as an instance of the value of young soldiers may, for aught we know, believe that the Reserve is an entire success, and that the quality of the non-commissioned officers throughout the army leaves at the present moment absolutely nothing to be desired. Even they, however, must be staggered when the most successful English General of recent years, a General who has won his laurels, not by entering upon other men's labours at a lucky moment, nor by the employment of relatively overpowering forces, but by carefully trying the quality of his troops, and then putting that quality to the final proof with a mixture of coolness and daring, tells them

plainly that their favourite plan means "failure, disaster, and disgrace." That is the deliberate opinion of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS, who can be as little suspected of croaking as any man alive. For it does his own reputation no good to point out how superior was the material he had at his command to that which was at the disposal of other generals; and the opinions he has expressed, despite the faltering approval which Mr. CHILDEES managed to give to some of them, are by no means likely to make his fortune with the present governors of England or with Englishmen generally. For England, like other masters, prefers cooks who promise to do wonders without *beaucoup d'argent*. In the literal sense, General ROBERTS's proposed arrangement of the army would probably be no more expensive than the present, perhaps less expensive. But his demand amounts to a statement that bricks cannot be made without straw, and this is always irritating to some persons. It is difficult, however, to see how any one can get over his arguments; impossible to see how any one can deny the significance of his facts and figures. The report of Lord AIREY's Committee and Mr. CHILDEES's detailed statement of his proposed alterations must be seen before we can say how far the dangers which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS fears are likely to be obviated by either.

#### THE EASTERN NEGOTIATION.

THE most hopeful circumstance connected with the Eastern negotiation is the assumption by Germany of the leading part. No other Government at present exercises so great an influence at Constantinople; and it is not impossible that Prince BISMARCK may have already ascertained the extent of the concessions to which Turkey may be prepared to submit. It may be added that he is unlikely to have exposed himself to the risk of probable failure. Except as far as Austrian interests may be affected, the German Government is but remotely concerned in the controversy between Greece and Turkey. Although a war might perhaps eventually reopen the whole Eastern question, none of the Great Powers would in the first instance intervene. Only two or three weeks ago Prince BISMARCK, with full knowledge of the risks of local collision, publicly declared that there was no probability of any war in which Germany would be engaged. His wishes are believed to be on the side of Greece; but he at the same time desires to avert or postpone the disruption of the Turkish Empire. Some minute political observers have discerned a covert encouragement to Greece in the publication by a Berlin journal of the returns of the scanty number of Turkish troops now occupying Thessaly and Epirus; but even semi-official papers are allowed a certain latitude in collecting and circulating information. Count HATZFELD will not fail to remind the Turkish Ministers of the possible insufficiency of their forces; but his colleagues at Athens will be instructed to rely on other facts and arguments. It is understood that Mr. GOSCHEN failed both at Berlin and Vienna to elicit any concurrence in the English proposal that, in default of a satisfactory diplomatic settlement, the Powers should revert to the decision of the Berlin Conference. The point is for the moment of secondary importance, because several of the Powers decline to enforce any decision on the litigants. Some dealers in political mystery maintain that Prince BISMARCK is only ostensibly recommending peace, while he has secretly arranged with Russia and Austria the partition of the Turkish Empire. Of such speculations it can only be said that they are not demonstrably erroneous. Political surprises would lose their distinguished character if they could be discerned beforehand.

The position of the English Government is consistent and intelligible. Disappointed in their hope that the Great Powers would agree in coercing the Porte, Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE have acquiesced in the expediency of negotiation which involves the possibility of compromise. They reserve to themselves the right of falling back on the decision of the Berlin Conference, not now as a peremptory demand to be made on Turkey, but as the basis of a future arrangement. If hereafter all the Powers by any chance revert to the opinion that the Berlin award conferred on Greece an irrefragable title, England will have had the credit of maintaining from first to last one uniform contention. The official policy of France is less favourable to Greece than that of any other



Government; but a doubt still exists as to the true centre of French political power. The organs of M. GAMBETTA in the press constantly repeat their attacks on M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE for having, as his critics assert, abdicated the French protectorate or advocacy of Greek interests in the East. The certainty that the charges against the Minister are not disapproved by M. GAMBETTA is combined with a well-founded belief that he will exert himself to give effect to his own opinions. It is true that the Chamber unanimously sanctioned M. ST.-HILAIRE'S policy; but the leaders of the majority had perhaps not then received their final instructions. Jealousy of the initiative, now by common consent assigned to Germany, may perhaps have increased M. GAMBETTA'S irritation. The exponents of his policy fail to explain how it would have been possible to apply coercion to Turkey without the concurrence or consent of Germany or Austria. For the present the antagonism between the Minister and the chief of the Republican party tends to diminish the diplomatic influence of France.

The Greek Government has not modified its warlike tone; but it will certainly not precipitate a conflict as long as the negotiations at Constantinople continue. The failure of the final attempt at a settlement would immediately be followed by a declaration of war. If, on the other hand, the Powers effect an arrangement with the Porte, it will still be open to Greece to reject the terms, at the risk of forfeiting all claim to the aid and even to the good will of Europe. The Greeks believe that in case of a rupture they can despatch 60,000 or 70,000 men to the seat of war, where they hope to be welcomed and assisted by a friendly population. There is no doubt that their countrymen in Thessaly and in part of Epirus will rejoice in the opportunity of shaking off the Turkish yoke. The possible relations of the more warlike Albanians to the Greeks are but imperfectly understood. It is not even known whether the League, which partially resists the authority of the Porte, extends to Janina and the neighbouring district. The inhabitants would be troublesome subjects of the Greek Crown if they are either well affected to the SULTAN or prepared to assert their independence. The report that the Albanian League has offered on certain conditions to bring twenty thousand men to assist the SULTAN against the Greeks is not in itself improbable. Some of the malcontent tribes are Catholics, and therefore probably more hostile to Orthodox Greeks than to Mahometans. All speculations of this kind are uncertain as long as the facts of the case are not fully known. It is possible that Greek agents may have formed an understanding with the Albanians which would be extremely dangerous to Turkey. If the inhabitants of Janina and the neighbourhood approve of the proposed transfer, it may be confidently assumed that the Greek Government will pertinaciously insist on its entire claims. The question whether the demand for a cession of territory had sufficient moral justification may be dismissed as irrelevant or obsolete. No petty State eager for aggrandizement would doubt the validity of a title which had been formally recognized by all the Great Powers of Europe. It is satisfactory to learn that the audacious denial of Turkish rights which was attributed to Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS has been officially repudiated as spurious.

The SULTAN is said to be more peaceably inclined than at any former time. His treasury is empty, and his army is consequently but ill provided for an immediate campaign. His Government may perhaps also have received information of intended movements in other parts of its dominions or in neighbouring States. The numerous Greek community in Roumania is agitating in favour of the national claims; and probably the enemies of Turkey in Bulgaria and Servia are not idle. There are also symptoms of disturbance in a quarter which has of late attracted little attention. It is admitted that the Greek part of the Cretan population has no longer any practical grievances to complain of; and, indeed, the Mahometan minority has greater reason to fear oppression. Some late conflicts with the authorities may probably be attributed to sympathy with the Greeks of the kingdom; and, in the event of war, it is not improbable that an insurrection would take place for the attainment of independence, with an ulterior view to annexation. At a greater distance from Constantinople the turbulence of the Kurdish chiefs is not unlikely to involve the Turkish Government in a war with Persia. To reserve any part of the territory

which the European Powers supposed themselves a few months ago to have awarded to Greece would be a not inconsiderable triumph to Turkish diplomacy.

Whatever may be the state of feeling at Athens, the friends of Greece in England have lately become moderate in their demands. It is admitted that Janina and Metzovo may be left to Turkey on condition that the rest of the territory in dispute is unconditionally surrendered. If such an arrangement is effected, the obstinacy of the Porte will have been so far justified; but the experiment has been hazardous, and it will not bear repeating. The Sibyl has for once deviated from her traditional character by consenting to abate her terms. If the bargain is now rejected the next offer may be far less moderate. Although the Ambassadors have not been instructed to use identical language, they will all recommend the same policy by arguments which are only not threats because they are indications of danger which already exists. Germany, Austria, and probably France, will warn the Porte that the effort which they make to save the Empire from destruction will almost necessarily be the last. Italy is prepared to act in concert with England, which has not yet acknowledged the invalidity of the decree of the Conference. Finally Russia has, perhaps only for the purpose of diplomatic pressure, directed the Bulgarian Government to take the opportunity of demanding redress for supposed grievances. It would be rash to assume that the Turkish Government will yield to reason, even when it approaches to demonstration; but, according to some accounts, the SULTAN is thoroughly frightened. If the Powers induce the Porte to accept a reasonable arrangement, there will probably be but little difficulty in procuring the adhesion of Greece. As one of M. GAMBETTA'S organs suggests, a territorial compromise will not be final; but the acceptance by Greece of a frontier recommended by the Great Powers would postpone a collision with Turkey for several years. By the end of that term circumstances will have changed, and some existing arrangements will have become obsolete.

#### OBSTRUCTION IN THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD.

PUBLIC attention has had such severe demands made on it by the defeat of obstruction in the House of Commons, that there has been none to spare for the parallel events which have been going on in the London School Board. Apparently, however, the modest red-brick building which adorns the centre of the Thames Embankment has been an arena for passions not less furious than those which have raged in the palace of Westminster. The School Board has had its PARNELL in Miss HELEN TAYLOR, and more than its BIGGAR in Mr. BONNEWELL. The history of obstruction down to the moment when the CHAIRMAN declared that, unless he were armed with additional powers, he could not carry on the business of the Board, has escaped us. But the action of the obstructives in opposing the rules designed to limit their opportunities of preventing the Board from doing business gives an idea of their action in provoking these rules. When the Board spends seven hours in debating regulations so entirely reasonable as those proposed by Mr. BUXTON, it is clear that the minority have lost all sense of the end for which discussion exists. Mr. BONNEWELL'S instinct is apparently to oppose anything that is proposed for the Board's acceptance except by one of the small minority of which he himself is the glory, and we should be inclined to say that his instinct is his sole guide. He began his resistance to the proposed rules by contending that he was a law to himself. He had looked through the Act of Parliament, and "had been unable to find any authority" which could fetter him in what he chose to say, so long "as he conducted himself as one gentleman should conduct himself in presence of another." As it is certain that there is no Act of Parliament prescribing how Mr. BONNEWELL should conduct himself in presence of a gentleman, this is tantamount to a claim to be above the statute law; and if, as we are inclined to think, the common law does not contemplate the situation, this is again tantamount to a claim to be above all law whatsoever.

It is quite in unison with this theory of his position that he did not object to the resolutions being put on the paper, or even seemingly to their being passed.

At the very outset of the debate his imagination treated the end as come and the rules as adopted. "How," he asked darkly, "were they going to be put in force? Was it to be supposed for a moment"—mark the Miltonic grandeur of this inquiry—"that he should submit to them and not continue to speak? They could not chuck him out of the room." The idea of any one attempting to go this length seems to have overpowered the CHAIRMAN; for, instead of answering Mr. BONNEWELL's question, he feebly implored him to change the subject. The Board, he said, was not discussing its powers in relation to the "chucking out" of Mr. BONNEWELL, but the conditions "under which motions could be rescinded." To a man of Mr. BONNEWELL's mental and bodily vigour, it really did not matter what the question was. He was equally willing to take objections to the contents of the resolutions, or to the opportuneness of their introduction, or to anything else that presented itself to be objected to. He continued to talk, says the report of the meeting, "with the manifest intention of making time"—making time being perhaps a pleasant way which the Board has of describing the process of losing it. By and by, after many divisions, the first rule, forbidding the introduction of motions to rescind any resolution passed within the last six months, unless nine names besides that of the mover are attached to the notice, was carried by 25 votes to 13. It seems probable, therefore, that there may be thirteen members of the School Board who admire Mr. BONNEWELL's peculiar and persistent eloquence. The only explanation that we can suggest for this singular taste is that these thirteen members think education a dull subject, and find more amusement in the scenes of which Mr. BONNEWELL's speeches are the occasion. In that case it is in their power to make the new rule of no practical account. Mr. BONNEWELL, immediately upon the passing of the rule, gave notice of a motion to rescind it, and since the adhesion of nine members makes it incumbent on the CHAIRMAN to receive the motion, the thirteen have only to act together to secure a continuance of their favourite intellectual luxury.

The second rule, regulating motions for the adjournment of the Board, met with less opposition. Mr. BONNEWELL seemingly only making one long speech in support of the previous question. But on the third, which limits the right to move the adjournment of the debate, Miss HELEN TAYLOR rose to protest against the unequal measure dealt out—whether by nature, fortune, or the CHAIRMAN does not appear—to the two sections of the Board. Upon this the CHAIRMAN asked Miss TAYLOR to withdraw "such imputations," and Miss TAYLOR bluntly, but adroitly, replied, "If they are out of order, I do; if not, I don't." It is clear that the CHAIRMAN was not quite sure whether they were in order or not, for he began a sentence which, though destined never to be finished, seems to have been meant to lead up to a motion that Miss TAYLOR's words be taken down. What the CHAIRMAN would have done with the precious record, had he obtained it, it is impossible to say, for Mr. LYULPH STANLEY interposed with an expression of his conviction that the Board would receive Miss TAYLOR's remark "with silent contempt." A little later in the day Mr. STANLEY got involved in an altercation with another lady, so that altogether it is borne in upon us that the principal result of the admission of women to the Board is that men behave to them with no more restraint than they behave to one another. Whether they have done any service to the cause of education which can be set against this evident deterioration of manners we will not presume to say. Miss TAYLOR, it must be admitted, has a somewhat irritating way of saying things. Probably the CHAIRMAN felt this when, upon calling her to order upon some point, he received for answer, "You are not the Speaker of the House of Commons, sir." Suppressed rage seldom makes a man epigrammatic; but the CHAIRMAN got fairly enough out of the situation with the reply: "It is true that I am not the Speaker of the House of Commons, but I am Chairman of this Board, and I don't profess to be more."

While the fourth rule—giving the CHAIRMAN power to silence a member obstructing business or disregarding the authority of the Chair—was under discussion, the third rule was called into action. Mr. BONNEWELL seconded a motion for adjourning the debate, and after his wont went on to make a speech. On being warned that under the new rule he had no right to do this, he raised an objection which recalls the objection taken by the Old Catholics to the promulgation

of the Vatican decree. The resolution, he contended, "could not be put in force until the minutes recording it had been signed." A division was then taken amidst what, to the minority, must have been a scene of delightful confusion, Mr. BONNEWELL continuing to protest, "in high tones," that he would not be bound by any one of the resolutions passed that day; Miss TAYLOR "also rising," doubtless to express her concurrence with Mr. BONNEWELL; and the Clerk taking the division as well as he could "amidst the utmost confusion." Finally, after seven hours of this delightful occupation, the Board adjourned with the equally delightful prospect before them of seeing Mr. BONNEWELL return to the charge a week later.

#### SPAIN.

WHEN a Ministry long established in office suddenly falls, rumour is sure to be busy in disclosing the secret reasons of its loss of power. All accounts concur in attributing the resignation of the Ministry of Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO to the personal intervention of the KING. The Ministry proposed to the KING an elaborate scheme for funding at a lower interest the special debt which has been created in late years to meet the deficiencies of the budget. Every Spanish financier is agreed that when the general credit is improved, that debt must be dealt with. The creditors who hold this special debt have made a large profit by taking it, and the Bank of Spain especially has worked the machinery of recent loans with a cleverness which is reflected in the largely increased price of its shares. But to pay off a debt which has special securities is never an easy operation, and provisions of some intricacy had to be framed so as to get money gradually and on the most favourable terms, and to apply it wisely in the relief of the nation from charges unnecessarily high. It was calculated that eighteen months must elapse before the operation could be completed. It seems to have been urged by the KING on the Ministers, or by the Ministers on the KING, that a change of Ministry while the operation was still in progress would greatly discourage its progress, and that, therefore, to sanction the beginning of the operation was to accept the position of the Ministry as unassailable for a year and a half. This the KING would not consent to. He declined to be bound for so long a time, and on his declining the Ministry resigned. Señor SAGASTA, the chief of the dynastic Liberals, was asked, in conjunction with Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS, to form a new Ministry, and he undertook the task. The new Ministers presented themselves to the Cortes; and informed their hearers in a general way that they held to the opinions they had professed in opposition, but that they must have a little leisure to see what practical shape they would give to their convictions. The Cortes was adjourned indefinitely, and will be dissolved in the summer. New elections will be held in the autumn, and then the Ministers hope to have a Cortes that will support them, and Parliamentary government will be resumed. Meanwhile, Spain will go on without Parliamentary government. Such is the curious way in which a constitutional system is worked in Spain. It is calculated that any Ministry can manage Parliamentary elections so as to secure a majority, if only it has time enough allowed it for the process. The new Ministry wants from now to the autumn to prepare everything for a successful electioneering campaign, and it has got the time it needs. The KING makes the Ministry, and the Ministry makes the Parliament, while the KING has in his turn from time to time to make such a Ministry as will, in his opinion, best secure him against a revolution which would sweep him away and place the power of making Ministries in other hands.

For reasons, therefore, which must have seemed to him peculiarly weighty, the KING determined to separate himself from the statesman who has been his counsellor and stay since he came to the throne. It is now just six years since the KING landed to take possession of his inheritance, and, with one or two short breaks, Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO has been for these six years, not only at the head of affairs, but the KING's friend and guide. His first efforts were directed to bring about a coalition between the Conservatives and Liberals; but he found that the personal or party divergencies that separated them were too great, and, in order to detach the Church from the Carlists, he



placed himself on the side of the Conservatives, and sent Señor ZORRILLA, the leader of the Radicals, into exile. But he had pledged himself, or had allowed it to seem that he had pledged himself, more deeply to the Clerical party than on further reflection he considered wise. It was assumed that he had undertaken that the Concordat of 1851 should again be put in force, whereas, on a further consideration of what was permanently possible, he came to the conclusion that something like toleration of rival creeds must be at least nominally established. He went out of office, while his colleagues, who were more free to act, made it clear to the ecclesiastical authorities that in this respect the son of ISABELLA could not be so far separated from modern ideas as his mother had been. He then resumed office. In the February of 1876 he had the satisfaction of seeing the Carlist war brought to a close; but during the greater part of that year he had to sustain a fierce combat with the Clerical party, who anathematized him as if he had been the worst of Radicals, simply because he insisted, and successfully insisted, on the Cortes placing the toleration of heretical creeds in the new Constitution. The QUEEN-MOTHER backed up her old ecclesiastical friends, and came to Spain partly in their interest, and partly to get payment of a sum of money which she said was due to her. She met with a very cold reception from the public; and the KING, under the guidance of his Prime Minister, made it plain that, however dutiful a son, he would in the last resort think for himself. General MARTINEZ CAMPOS was sent to Cuba to put down the insurrection, which had given much trouble to Spain, and threatened to give more, as the Government of the United States had intimated that it could not regard with indifference the further continuance of an unsettled state of things. At last the home Government was successful, and by the beginning of 1878 the rebellion was altogether suppressed. About the same time the KING was married to the daughter of the Duke of MONTENSIER, and if he did not do anything more to promote the marriage, Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO announced to the Cortes that he regarded it with great satisfaction as binding together the two branches of the BOURBON family. The early death of the QUEEN, and the attempt on the KING's life by MONCAST, only increased the general sentiments of loyalty; and two years ago the Prime Minister might congratulate himself on having seen the Carlists and the Cuban insurgents suppressed, on having resisted the extreme demands of the Clericals, and yet established in office the party in alliance with the Clericals, and of having seated a popular KING firmly on the throne. But at the end of February 1879 General MARTINEZ CAMPOS suddenly appeared on the scene, having left Cuba without any authorization from the Ministry, but not impossibly on the secret invitation of the KING. He no sooner reached Madrid than Señor CANOVAS resigned, and the newcomer was appointed to succeed him. On this occasion, however, the elections for the new Cortes were held almost immediately. Sufficient time for manipulation had not been taken, and the result was that the CAMPOS Ministry was dependent on the support of Señor CANOVAS for its existence. Before the end of the year, accordingly, a new crisis brought Señor CANOVAS once more into power; but he began his new Ministry with an open quarrel with the Opposition, who said that he had insulted them, and walked out of the House.

Since then Señor CANOVAS has been supported by a staunch majority, but the Opposition has increased in strength, which shows itself in repeated and determined attacks, and there have been signs of a growing feeling for Liberalism in the country. The simplest and most probable explanation of the step now taken by the KING is to be found in the study of the career of Señor CANOVAS and in the situation created by the fall of the CAMPOS Ministry. Señor CANOVAS has served the KING faithfully, and has shown great tact and much firmness, but he has been in office long enough to permit the growth of a serious Opposition. This Opposition consists of the dynastic Liberals of the generals as they are called, who may or may not have the army behind them, and of democratic outsiders, with whom dynastic Liberals and the generals are in a state of fitful alliance. Since the change of Ministry democratic banquets have been held not only at Barcelona, which is always democratic, but at Burgos, which has been hitherto regarded as a centre of Conservatism. It is said that Señor ZORRILLA is to be recalled from his exile in Paris, and

if his influence at the coming election is thought worth purchasing, he may not improbably have a place found for him in the Ministry. It may have seemed to the KING that he had to choose between letting this Liberal Opposition take its turn in the conduct of affairs under him and facing a revolution. To have bound himself to keep his late Ministers in office for eighteen months more would have seemed as if he himself had determined to stand or fall with the Conservative party. If the Liberals have as much time as they want for managing the elections, and have ample opportunity for showing what they can do in the practical management of affairs, they will at least feel that the KING has treated them fairly, and that they have as good a chance of power under him as they could have if they overthrew him. Foreign politics may have had something to do with the change of Ministry. The disinclination of the country to throw in its lot with Germany, and to give signs of hostility to the French Republic, may have had some influence with the KING. But in all probability considerations of domestic policy have mainly determined his action. He has wished to absorb an element of possible revolution into the sphere of his own Government; and to attain an end of this primary importance, he has been willing to sacrifice a Minister who has safely guided him through great difficulties, who has rallied the country round his throne, and to whose policy and measures he personally has no kind of objection.

#### RESIPISCENT PRELATES.

**O**FTEN as we have criticized the policy of the Episcopate, we have never imagined that our Bishops during the last eight or ten years were actuated by any destructive intention. Their behaviour has been that of men untrained to statecraft, divided in their own opinions, and destitute of the administrative instinct by which sympathetic leaders of parties combine to form strong Cabinets. They may have shown themselves unduly sensitive to the difficulties of acting alone, helpless as to acting in concert, and very inaccurate in their appreciation of friend or foe. Still it would be prejudiced misrepresentation to assert that they had not really persuaded themselves that they were working for the welfare of the Church with which their own welfare is bound up. Even when they patted a Church Association on the back while clamouring its loudest, or framed a Public Worship Bill, they can hardly be credited with any wish to pull their own house down about their ears. Only they forgot that, whatever may be the sturdy virtues of Puritanism, it is no friend to those things which ought to be dear to Bishops. There was, indeed, much to lap them in their perilous security. The Parliament which had during its salad days passed the Public Worship Act in heat and haste and ignorance in deference to the pious counsels of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had lived on for nearly six more years, during which long spell it had retrieved theological blunders by political prescience. So a large number of the Episcopate no doubt fancied they were still in the summer of 1874. Chaos, in the meanwhile, was approaching, till at last portents—such as clergymen going to prison, Scotchmen shouting Disestablishment, Chief Justices vituperating Deans of Arches, and Deans of Arches nagging at Chief Justices, judges not knowing where to sit, nor lawyers' clerks where to open writs—proclaimed the state of things intolerable.

The first note of conciliation was struck in the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's speech to the clergy of Thanet at the beginning of December, and it was not long before the Dean of ST. PAULS' memorial for toleration capped the Metropolitan's promises. Low Churchmen under the lead of Bishop PERRY attempted a counterblast, and could only compass a feeble demurrer. The die was for once to be cast in the right place, the Convocation of Canterbury. The task to which the venerable assembly was called was that of mediating in a session of only four days between sharply accentuated differences both about the ecclesiastical judicature and ritual. Failure in so difficult a work would have been almost venial, but very mischievous, and yet it would probably have dogged the enterprise if the drift of events had not precipitated the conclusion. As it was, the two Houses of Convocation reached consistent conclusions, and sketched out a programme of immediate action of which reconciliation was the prominent feature. More could not have been

expected in so brief a period and from men not altogether free agents.

The great obstacle to any heroic remedy was the palpable folly of turning the House of Commons loose upon Church troubles. Acutely as this peril was felt, the danger on the other side of exasperating aggrieved clergymen by persistent inaction was equally manifest. The scheme which commended itself to the prelates happily avoided either risk. The grievance which had been pressed upon them was the shortcomings of the actual Church judicature, both as a faultily contrived machinery and as one which had been manipulated with a contempt both ignorant and reckless for any decent ecclesiastical sanction collateral to that of Parliament. There, however, the recognized tribunals stood in possession of the field, and no process, except the risky one of legislation, could formally correct their defects. But yet before attempting correction it is always well to be quite sure as to what is to be corrected. No jurist has yet scheduled the merits any more than the deficiencies of the existing Church Courts, no one has drawn out of his pocket a Church Courts Reform Bill. Clearly an inquiry capped by recommendations (unless the recommendations finally spoil the whole thing) must be healthful by calming the impatient, cheering the desponding, and sustaining the hopeful. A Royal Commission has peculiar advantages as a remedy for the actual discontent, as it can be moved for in the House of Lords, expressly in compliance with the conclusions of Convocation. This procedure would sufficiently provide the required ecclesiastical initiative without provoking the delicate susceptibilities of statesmen. If it sits two or three years, no one need repine, for that will be a period of calming down, and the Commission would much misuse its opportunities if the information which it collected were not to leave the question rather less obscure than even Lord PENZANCE can now pretend that it is. After all, the chief value of many a Commission resides in its blue-book.

The Bishops are entitled to the credit of incubating the Commission, but both Houses have been busy over some device for healing the internal fever of ceremonial strife. The Lower one wisely fell back upon a respectful appeal to the Upper House to do something, and the body so addressed forestalled it in taking the object of this recommendation into serious consideration. We shall not attempt to summarize the two debates. The knowledge no less than the desire for harmony with which the speakers approached the discussion, compared with what could have been expected some years since, was noticeable. It was a trifle that, as we need hardly observe, the Dean of WESTMINSTER found an opportunity of again letting off his pet sneer about a dispute over clergymen's clothes. This substitute for argument seemed to amuse him, so no one grudged to so popular a man the pleasure, and when he asserted that the chasuble which had stared him in the face as he gazed at JUSTINIAN'S mosaics at Ravenna came into Church in the ninth century, after having served as a primitive substitute for our ulster, his auditors kindly recollected that they were not in session at the Society of Antiquaries. The grand result of the double deliberation was a virtual promise from the Bishops that, so long as the Commission should continue sitting, they would discourage ritual suits from one side or from the other in regard to churches which should not take advantage of the truce to innovate upon the ceremonial actually in use in them. Those which went on as they were now doing were as far as possible to remain unmolested, and suits promoted by outside conspiracies were to be snubbed.

We have little to add. No man with any appreciation of the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking would have attempted a permanent settlement; and, in the way of a temporary measure of conciliation, reaching equally to the grievance of jurisdiction and to that of ceremonial, we think that no better result could, under all the conditions, have been reached. But the Commission will still have to be appointed, and the Bishops will certainly be persecuted by the Church Association for adhering to their peaceable resolution. We trust that no defect of wisdom or of courage in working out the conclusions may spoil so hopeful a promise.

#### GERMANY.

THE Imperial Speech addressed to the German Parliament at the opening of the Session recommended the adoption of the two Bills which Prince BISMARCK has devised as an antidote to the poison of Socialist Democracy. He has consistently contended for years that the Socialist movement, so far as it takes the form of a lawless opposition to the State, is a mischief which ought to be sternly repressed; but that, so far as it is an exposition of new views as to the proper relations between the State and the poor, it offers many valuable suggestions which the State ought to accept. He himself is quite willing to adopt the main Socialist theory—that the State ought to be so organized, and so to organize society, that it shall be the effectual guardian of the poor. It will undertake to look after every one, and see that he is reasonably comfortable. As the foundations of the establishment of a Socialist State he first introduced a system of rigid Protection, and then invented a new Economic Council, which is to be outside both Parliament and the bureaucracy, and keep him informed as to the real wishes of the people. Protection is obviously an indispensable preliminary to the erection of a kind of government which undertakes to care for every one. The basis of Free-trade is that every one will thrive best if he is compelled to look out for himself, and the economic doctrines which are the exact opposites of those of Free-trade must prevail when, not the individual, but the central authority, is charged with seeing that the maximum of well-being is attained. Prince BISMARCK has quite sufficient grasp of any subject which he takes in hand to know that he must be consistent throughout, and he is not at all likely to be frightened by any of the immediate consequences which attend the changes he is bringing into operation. Public attention has lately been attracted to the curious fact that the greatest of German ironmasters has been supplying rails abroad at a price which, if carriage is taken into account, is about fifty shillings less per ton than the price at which he supplies the same rails at Berlin. Prince BISMARCK, it was thought, would soon have to confess that he was ruining Germany by subjecting the German consumer to the payment of an enormous price. But there is nothing in this circumstance to startle a thoroughgoing protectionist. If the ironmaster loses on his foreign transaction, he recoups himself out of his home transactions. He virtually gets a bounty which enables him to underbid competition in the foreign market, and German labourers are thus employed at good wages in making rails for foreigners as well as for Germans. The general body of German consumers really pays the wages of those who are thus employed in making what it will not pay to make; but this is just what is wanted. The State, that is the authority which gets contributions from every one, keeps out of these contributions labourers employed at good wages, and this is, according to Socialists and Prince BISMARCK, and all protectionists who follow out their principles, the first duty and primary business of the State. In the same way, if the State desires guidance in the performance of its task, it is very natural that it should seek this guidance, not from Parliament, which is apt to be led astray by political feelings, or from trained officials who think of the larger questions of finance, or who may be daunted by the prospect of a gradual decay of the national wealth, but from humble practical people, whose experience can show what classes of the poor would like to be provided with lucrative employment, and what bounties must be contrived in order that the State intermediaries who are to replace the old order of capitalists may give employment without losing by the process.

One of the Bills now brought forward by Prince BISMARCK deals with insurance against accidents in mines; and the other revives the mediæval institution of guilds. Workmen in mines are to be protected against accidents by an insurance which provides, not only for themselves when they are crippled, but also for their widows and children after their death. In the case of workmen who receive very high wages, the workmen are to be compelled to pay half the annual premiums, and the employers are to pay the other half. In the case of humbler labourers the employers are to pay two-thirds of the premiums, and the remaining third is to be paid out of the poor rates. From the Socialist and Protectionist point of view this is an excellent measure. It establishes the great principle that



very poor people are not to be troubled with the exercise of any kind of thrift; while richer people, like employers and highly-paid workmen, are to get their contributions recouped out of the bounties which the State gives them at the cost of the general body of taxpayers. In short, the scheme is so good that it seems a pity that it should stop where it does, and some of Prince BISMARCK's practical friends suggested that agriculture was a field to which it might be very conveniently extended. The revival of guilds seems, at first sight, a little more startling, but a slight amount of reflection will show how admirably it is in keeping with the new form of Socialism. A guild is merely a piece of machinery for determining how many persons shall devote themselves to any one kind of employment. It is extremely convenient that the State, which is occupied with giving some kind of employment to every one, should have a means of regulating how many persons are to be provided for when any one form of employment is under consideration. In a State constructed after Prince BISMARCK's pattern every one may be said to be in a regiment, and the success of army administration depends on the size of each regiment being kept at a fixed standard. Then, again, if these regiments are to get much from the State, they are to do something for the State. They have to behave well, and, having had everything done to content them, are bound to show themselves contented. The guilds will look after their members, and the leaders of the guild will be expected to be on the watch against every sign of political disaffection. Lawless Socialists will then be brought under the law, or, if they are excluded from guilds, will be avowed pariahs, and will be driven to take the punishment due to them under the compulsion, not only of the State, but also of the well-conducted guildsmen. The theoretical objections to Prince BISMARCK's proposals are not very strong if once the theory of a Socialist State is accepted. But practically there is a very stout resistance to some of his plans on the part of those who object to this wholesale maintenance of the poor at the cost of those who are somewhat better off. Even in a place where he might have hoped to have it all his own way—the Prussian Upper Chamber—he has had to encounter opposition so determined that he has thought it necessary to attend twice in person for the purpose of giving assurances that he has made up his mind, and that therefore all resistance is useless. The point the Chamber has to consider is the proposed abolition of direct taxes, which touch persons who are so far poor that they would rather not pay them; and Prince BISMARCK has on this head had to meet the opposition of no less a person than his own former Minister of Finance. Prussian finance, which used to be a model of prudence, is now so disordered that the Budget is only set straight by borrowing, and this therefore might seem not to be a fit time for abolishing taxes. The objection cannot be without weight to old-fashioned financiers, but it is entirely out of the range of Prince BISMARCK's present ideas, and may therefore be dismissed as irrelevant.

Germany has in the last few days been celebrating the centenary of LESSING's death, and it is not astonishing that Germans should wish to do all possible honour to LESSING's memory. He first showed that German prose could be so written as to be simple, nervous, and intelligible. He powerfully contributed to that revival of the national literature which was the precursor of the political liberty of the country. Further, he preached toleration, and inculcated it by embodying its precepts in the effective form of a popular drama. But his centenary has come at an unlucky moment. A hundred years after his death he would, if he could see what was going on, find Germans writing prose of which he would have to correct nearly every sentence, a Prince and some humble practical people superseding Parliament and trained administrators, and the majority of his countrymen yelping and howling at the miserable Jews. Bad style, the supersession of political liberty by the establishment of a communistic State, and the triumph of a petty, blatant persecution, are for the moment the practical results of LESSING's work and life. There is, therefore, much that would disappoint LESSING if he could now see it, and which must disappoint his admirers who are alive, and see what is going on. But in a wider sense it may be said that great men never die and good men never fail. Beneath the perturbed surface of German life there is a peaceful region in which the

spirit of LESSING lives. The love of culture lives on in Germany, ardent, resolute, and unmoved. All the best men of Germany, from the CROWN PRINCE down to many a humble professor who has dared to confront a popular frenzy and to cry shame on the Jew-baiters, believe in the beauty, the wisdom, and the necessity of toleration as heartily as LESSING himself could wish. There are still men who have given their lives to the study of sound finance, and who are not afraid to say openly that a system of bounties, and guilds, and State-found employment must sooner or later lead to terrible embarrassment. They have in the present day to work as LESSING himself had to work. They are under a cloud; the world is not with them. They must work for the future, and possibly for a distant future. But they have as much reason as LESSING had to derive patience from the hope that the future will be theirs, and that, if they persevere, Germany will again listen some day to the voices of grace, forbearance, and thrifty good sense.

#### THE MORALITY OF CABINETS NOIRS.

THE hubbub which during the last week the Irish disturbers and certain English sympathisers with them have made about the power possessed by the Ministers of the Crown to open letters is a very curious instance of the tendency of modern Radicalism to make government impossible. No one—at least no Englishman—supposes that the opening of letters is other than a very unpleasant business to those who are bound by their duty to do it. The whole safeguard of the proceeding lies in the fact that the power is only confided to those who are likely to feel this unpleasantness. It is also a very unpleasant thing to consign by word of mouth or stroke of pen a fellow-creature who has never injured you to be hanged by the neck until he be dead; and Mr. BRIGHT thinks that it must be specially unpleasant to be Ordinary of Newgate. Except the CHANCELLOR of the DUCHY of LANCASTER, however, no one of importance has yet sought in the moral jar experienced by Ordinaries, or judges, or Home Secretaries, a reason for the abolition of capital punishment, and in the same way it seems sensible to regard the natural repugnance of high officials to violate the sanctity of private correspondence chiefly as a guarantee that that sanctity will not be violated except in cases where it is their duty first of all to see *ne quid respublica detrimenti capiat*. It was indeed natural that the Irish members, catching at any opportunity for occupying time and exciting odium, should endeavour to make a fuss about the matter, but it could hardly have been anticipated that English opinion, even in its uninfluential sections would have followed them. The ill-luck, however, which seems to accompany extreme Radicalism pursued it here also. The same well-informed and far-seeing persons who had just told us that the dates of the Cabul correspondence would completely exonerate Russia, told us now that the story was monstrous, that Mr. SULLIVAN's question would enable the Government to clear themselves from a degrading suspicion, and that no English Minister, with any regard for his official existence, would dare to set up a *cabinet noir*.

Other people were, of course, perfectly well prepared for what actually did happen, and, to do them justice, the less impulsive organs of Radical opinion did not commit themselves quite so far as the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A cynical person of some experience is reported once to have said that it was, on the whole, for the good of the nation that the Liberal party should be in power. As this remark was known to be somewhat inconsistent with his general political opinions, explanations were asked. "The Liberals," he answered, "will always condone 'any necessary stretches of Ministerial authority on the part of their own men, and the Tories will not object; whereas, when the Liberals are out of office, they will 'raise heaven and earth at the same proceedings' which in office they would approve." We express neither agreement nor disagreement with this dictum, but it certainly was exemplified in the matter of the letters this week. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's answer to the original question was well worded, and put the matter as completely as it can be put. The power, he said, to the exercise of which objection was taken, was expressly reserved and sanctioned by Parliament forty years ago and more, and has been continued ever since. A Home Secretary—for it is with that functionary, and not with the Postmaster-

General, that the responsibility rests—must of course satisfy himself that due and grave cause exists for its exercise. Sir WILLIAM's definite reference to the Fenian conspiracy, as a fact which would justify the use of the power, may be taken to imply pretty clearly that the power itself has been used probably more than once since the famous occasion of Sir JAMES GRAHAM and MAZZINI, which ignorant people regard as the last case known in England. Indeed, we should think it most likely that few Home Secretaries, whose tenure of office has extended over any considerable length of time, have escaped the disagreeable necessity of doing their duty in this respect. Finally, Sir WILLIAM's refusal to give any precise information on the subject was thoroughly justifiable. In the essence of it the power is one connected with individual responsibility, and to be exercised only on that responsibility, while publicity would entirely destroy its reasons for existence. There is no need to envy the HOME SECRETARY his opportunities of espionage; indeed, they would be to most people of the class from which hitherto Home Secretaries have been drawn the most unpleasant incidents of their duty. That the utmost vigilance ought to be exercised in selecting the occasions for exercising the right, every one will agree. Indeed, it is probable that people would allow that nothing short of actual conspiracy against the Sovereign of England justifies such a proceeding, and that it is outside of the functions of an English Government to allow its good offices to be so strained in regard to any foreign Power. The thing is a kind of heroic—or, if anybody pleases, very unheroic—remedy, to be used in the last resort and in cases only of imminent danger. But where that imminent danger exists—and of this only the Government of the day can be a fair judge—it is to be used without hesitation or scruple. The contrary contention can only come of that absurd individualism and exaltation of personal rights which leads in the long run to mere Nihilism and chaos. It is a very awkward thing to open a man's letters; that may be granted without the slightest hesitation. It is also a very awkward thing to suspend a man by the neck, to put a bullet into him, and to hold the shooter scot-free, even to insist on his paying so many pounds or shillings as Income-tax, or to provide that he shall not drink a glass of beer without paying secondly for the beer and first of all for the permission to drink it. All these things as between man and man are utterly indefensible, as between man and the State they are accepted conventions with a definite end, the attainment of which end is all that has to be looked to. To maintain the secrecy of letters when that secrecy is made an arm against the public welfare is simply an illogical absurdity.

The spirit in which the objection was originally raised could not have been shown better than by the subsidiary questions which were put on Thursday. Here the objectors confessedly took merely technical ground. Supposing that Mr. FAWCETT by a casual informality had exposed himself to fine and imprisonment, the practice of opening letters on great emergencies would not have suffered thereby, and supposing that he had not, it would not have been strengthened by any additional argument. It is, as we have said, desirable that the exercise of so inviolable a stretch of authority should rest with as responsible an official as may be; and, as the Home Secretary is always in theory, and generally in practice, somewhat higher in rank than the Postmaster-General, besides being definitely responsible for the internal peace of the kingdom, the power is no doubt best lodged with him. But the difference between the issue of a series of separate mandates and the issue of one continuous mandate from one official to another is administrative detail of the very smallest importance. To try to catch Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or Mr. FORSTER tripping on this side issue when they had held their ground on the main point was perhaps worthy of Mr. LABOUCHÈRE in his character of protagonist of the fierce democracy of Northampton; but it was somewhat out of character with the once business-like and moderate reputation of Mr. GRAY. However, the stratagem failed completely, succeeding neither in convicting the officials of any breach of the law nor in extracting incidentally any further information on the matter. It seems that the provisions of the Act requiring an express warrant for the opening of each suspected letter have been, and will be, as far as HER MAJESTY's present advisers are concerned, scrupulously observed, and Mr.

FAWCETT very properly returned a blunt "No" to the request that he would produce these warrants within a short time after their issue. In short, the attempt to make capital out of this disagreeable necessity of State may be said to have already collapsed. In so far as it is sincere and honest, it arises partly out of the confused feeling as to personal liberty already alluded to, partly out of a still greater confusion between private and public morality. The business of governors is the safety and welfare of the governed, and if a Manchester murder or a Clerkenwell explosion can be prevented by a basin of hot water and an electrotyped facsimile of a seal, these uncomfortable but useful assistants must be secured. Secret conspirators, after all, have not such clean hands that they can demand to be treated in accordance with the finest feelings of delicacy and morality. *Qu'il comencent!* is the natural expression of feeling which rises to the lips of a sensible man when the suggestion is made. Even in open war no general would think it other than his duty to open captured despatches, no matter how they might be captured, and why secret assassins should have privileges conceded to them which are not allowed to fair and lawful belligerents, we profess ourselves wholly unable to understand.

#### THE SCRUTIN DE LISTE.

THE substitution of the *Scrutin de liste* for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* is at last before the Chamber of Deputies. The aspect of the question has a good deal changed since it was first determined to raise it in the present Session. The dislike which was then so generally entertained to it may be as strong as ever, but it is not nearly so outspoken. M. GAMBETTA's attitude has exercised considerable influence upon the Republican opposition to the Bill. That the President of the Chamber is less omnipotent than he was thought to be has been shown by the general approval given to M. ST.-HILAIRE's management of the Greek negotiations. It is possible, however, that the disposition of the French people to prefer peace to M. GAMBETTA may for the time make them all the more anxious not to quarrel with him on any other point. As between peace and war, every Frenchman may hold himself to be as good a judge of what the country wants as M. GAMBETTA himself. It is not likely that this independence extends to a question like the *Scrutin de liste*. Assuming Republicans to be of opinion that the victory of their party in the polls is the one thing needful to the perfection of an electoral system, they may naturally think that M. GAMBETTA is likely to be better informed than themselves upon this essential point. He has long had at his command a singularly complete machinery for ascertaining the temper of the voters in all parts of France. At the last general election he showed that he had far better means of forecasting the result of the contest than were possessed by the Government. When it is remembered how complete and devoted a staff of subordinates the Minister of the Interior can command, this is a fact of some significance; and it is one which the deputies may be trusted to bear in mind when they have to determine which way they shall vote. Strongly as the maintenance of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* may commend itself to their interests, they may feel too doubtful alike of their colleagues and their constituents to take any steps to insure it. M. BARDOUX's Bill may be carried in the teeth of their opposition, and then they will have lost their chance of seeing their names included in M. GAMBETTA's list of candidates, and gained nothing in return. Even if M. BARDOUX's Bill is lost, they may feel doubtful whether M. GAMBETTA's influence may not prove strong enough to insure their defeat at the hands of their own neighbours. The probability that the Bill will pass is consequently very much greater than it was at its first introduction. The motives which led the Committee to which the question whether the Bill should be considered was referred to vote in the negative one day and in the affirmative the next have been operative during the whole of the interval, and a speech from M. GAMBETTA will be likely to give them increased force.

The minority itself will contribute a contingent to M. GAMBETTA's army. There are members of it who are sanguine enough to believe that the results of the adoption of the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* have been misconceived, and that the Conservatives will really have a



better chance in the departments than they now have in the *arrondissements*. This opinion is shared, it seems, by some of the majority. According to the *Temps*, M. GAMBETTA was warned at a Parliamentary breakfast which he gave last Monday that sixteen departments which now return a mixed representation will return a wholly reactionary one if M. BARDOUX's Bill passes. M. GAMBETTA, according to the same authority, is convinced that this will only be the case in five departments. If he is right in so thinking, the prospects of the Monarchy under the *Scrutin de liste* are sufficiently discouraging. Nothing, of course, but a general election can settle which of these calculations is the true one, but outsiders will probably incline to back M. GAMBETTA'S. It by no means follows, however, that the ultimate interests of the Opposition will not be served by a reduction in their numbers. Helpless as the Conservatives seem to be at this moment, they need seemingly to be more helpless still before they will consent to profit by the lesson which events are continually reading them. The *République Française* has lately been saying that the majority must present itself to the country with an explicitly Republican programme. The conclusion which the Conservatives might have been expected to draw from this announcement is that they too ought to come forward with an explicitly Republican programme, and so draw away the attention of the electors from different forms of government in order to fix it upon different methods of administering the same form. We are all Republicans, the Conservatives should say to the electors; the only distinction between us is that we wish to see the Republic administered in a moderate and rational manner, whereas our opponents wish to see it administered in a violent and foolish manner. Instead of this, one important section of the Conservatives declares that the publication of a frankly Republican programme must be met by the publication of a frankly monarchical programme. Nothing can save France from ruin but a restoration, and it is of no use to deceive her any longer by proposing superficial remedies. A party which reads the signs of the times in this fashion plainly needs to have its real impotence brought home to it. That the adoption of the *Scrutin de liste* will have this result it would be exceedingly rash to say; since, if the existing Legitimists did not return one single deputy, they would somehow make out that this was exactly the evidence they wanted to prove that the country was thoroughly with them. But a younger generation may be less obstinately deaf to the plainest teaching of facts, and may learn by degrees that, if Conservative ideas are to regain their natural weight in the country, they must condescend to wear the dress of the present day. A party which insists upon borrowing its ancestors' wardrobe degrades politics to the level of a fancy-ball.

There is another aspect of the question which suggests a doubt whether the *Scrutin de liste* will have precisely the effect which M. GAMBETTA anticipates. It has been justly observed that under a highly centralized Government, such as that which existed in France, the influence of local interests upon Parliamentary elections is very much greater than it is in a country like England. The Government have it in their power to give or withhold pretty nearly everything that a commune wants, and the smaller the constituencies are, the more the wants of the communes will come home to the electors when they are considering for whom they shall vote. In some cases probably this tendency tells in favour of the Conservatives. A candidate gets in by virtue of his sound opinions upon the necessity of a branch railroad who would not have got in by virtue of his politics. But it may also have an opposite result. The more the attention of the electors is diverted from politics, the more completely it becomes a matter of chance what the precise politics of their representative are. He is a Republican—that in most cases the electors insist on—but as to the particular shade of his Republicanism, that is lost sight of in the far more important question whether he takes the right side in a controversy upon the necessity of a new road or of an additional post office. If the *Scrutin de liste* is adopted, these local interests must go to the wall, and the electors will then have leisure to inquire more minutely into the political creed of the candidates. Of course, if extreme views command a majority, even if it be only a majority of one, in the department, all the representatives of that department will be extreme. But, then, if moderate views command a majority, all the

representatives of the department will be moderate; and, putting aside the departments which contain a great city, the latter contingency ought to be at least as likely as the former. Against the probability that minorities will be less represented under the *Scrutin de liste* than under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* must therefore be set the possibility that the political views of the majority are more correctly represented under the *Scrutin d'arrondissement* than they would be under the *Scrutin de liste*.

#### SALINS.

IT is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the great tornado of war that desolated France in 1870 brought prosperity to one little town in Franche-Comté. The Prussians, who understand the art of wasting time at a watering-place better than any other nation of Europe, while spreading themselves over the department of the Jura after the capture of Dôle, took note of Salins as a place to be remembered, and when the labours of conquest were over, they proceeded to refresh themselves in this warm and salubrious gorge. They were delighted to find there a limitless supply of mineral water stronger and more efficacious than their own springs at Kreuznach, and to be able to sip an unexpectedly thrilling solution of bromide of potassium. In consequence Salins has become one of the favourite haunts of the Germans in France, and presents almost the unique spectacle of a French town owing its main prosperity to Prussian patronage. We do not know whether a light touch of satire is concealed in the medical recommendation of Salins as particularly grateful to persons of a lymphatic temperament; it is certain that a stout and not too sensitive constitution is required to imbibe the waters freely. As with the Pierian spring of familiar quotation, it is best to drink deeply or else not taste the tonic salts of Salins. Patients are recommended to undertake a *cours*, and to do this satisfactorily it is necessary to settle down and make one's health the principal object of attention.

Salins is unusually well situated as a resort for tolerably robust invalids. The position and character of the town are almost Swiss. It is protected on the north by the lowest and most westerly of the seven parallel chains of the Jura, a range which makes up for its relative want of altitude by the picturesqueness of its forms, and which, instead of fading gradually into the plain, reaches its highest point at its extremity. This highest point, about 2,700 feet above the sea, is the famous Mont Poupet, a peak which fills in popular legend the place always given to an isolated mountain of striking form. The town of Salins looks up at the Poupet at all times, except where its sharp grey top is hidden by the rocky sides of the valley of the Furieuse, a rapid mountain stream on the southern bank of which the houses are closely packed together. Above the river, and crowning cliffs so steep that they seem to nod at each other, are the opposite forts of St. André and Haut Belin, occupying the position of those older fortresses which successfully defied the army of Richelieu when he invaded Franche-Comté in 1635. In Fort St. André there yet remain some traces of Vauban's work, dismantled by the Allies in 1814, and it is still possible to read over the gate the motto of Louis XIV.—*nec pluribus impar*. The towns of Franche-Comté have suffered so much by war and fire that their architecture presents little that is of much historical interest. The antiquary will find more in Salins than perhaps anywhere else in the province. The isolated position of the town, hemmed in as it is by the mountains, and the fortunate accident that it has escaped all political prominence, have permitted it to preserve much that is ancient and interesting. The modern passion for restoration, however, has penetrated to the gorges of the Jura, and the great church of St. Anatole, which a very little while ago possessed curious traces of eleventh-century work, has now been swept and garnished out of any other interest than is to be found in the simplicity and grandeur of its three great naves. But it is in the smaller churches that the interesting remains of former ages must be sought, and most of all among the secular buildings of the Matacin, the poor quarter of Salins. This district, which takes its name from the kennel of hounds, *mente à chiens*, kept there by a grand seigneur in old times, is chiefly occupied by one narrow street, hilly and dirty, full of ancient doorways, blind alleys, and picturesque arches, which leads from the Lower Gate up to the centre of the town. This street, one of the most extraordinary relics of the middle ages to be found in the Jura, is named Rue d'Olivet, after the Abbé d'Olivet of the French Academy, whom Voltaire called his master in grammar, and who was born in it, as the inscription below a bronze bust of him, by Max Claudet, clearly sets forth. In the Town Library—a collection of books and pictures which is more than respectable—there is a very curious painting representing Salins in the time of Louis XIV., and giving the impression that it has altered in the course of two centuries as little as may be. What is recent in the town is concentrated in the Place d'Armes, where a graceful hôtel de ville, dating from 1750, forms a pleasing exception to the customary badness of eighteenth-century architecture in the East of France. In front of this building stands a fine bronze statue of General Cler, a native of Salins, who was killed at the battle of Magenta. This striking figure is by Joseph Perraud, of whose collected works, as to be seen in the Museum of Lons-le-Saulnier, we gave an

account a few weeks since. Unfortunately the statuary in the streets of Salins, though profuse enough, is not so refined as that which adorns Lons-le-Saulnier. The ruling genius of the place seems to be M. Max Claudet, a Franc-Comtois sculptor who has achieved a certain celebrity, but whose masterpieces at Salins scarcely make good his claim to such a reputation. His "Vendangeur," a huge figure in bronze of a vintager staggering under a vast load of grapes, is raised opposite the salt springs, and forms in some sort the centre of the town. It is a coarse and vigorous piece of realistic work, leaving much to be desired in the way of execution. But by far the ugliest and oddest monument in Salins is a bronze bust of the Republic on an awkward square pedestal of marble; in front of the pedestal runs a narrow ledge, and on this ledge stands a little naked amorino of bronze, who has just finished writing the word "Patrie" in letters of gold underneath the bust. The conception is grotesque enough in itself, but it is rendered irresistibly funny by the fact that the ledge has proved too narrow to support the amorino, and that in consequence a hollow has been made in the side of the marble pedestal to make room for his protuberant little abdomen.

The chief industry of the neighbourhood of Salins is the vine. The precipitous slopes of Mont Poupet produce a ruby-coloured wine which is only less esteemed than the famous and neighbouring vintage of Arbois, to the excellence of which Henri IV. pays frequent tribute in his letters. Unfortunately the wines of the Jura have been much mismanaged of late; they rapidly lose their colour, and are apt to become acid or insipid if kept for any length of time, nor can they ever be exported without admixture. The wines of the department are mainly red, but Salins itself produces a white and sparkling sweet wine which resembles a light Moselle. But the visitor who is curious in vintages should not leave the district without tasting the gold-coloured wine of Châteauneuf-Chalon—a vineyard some miles south-west of Salins, in the valley of the Seille. It is a true, dry Madeira, and of an excellent quality and force. The vintage forms so characteristic a part of the social economy of the district that the visitor should not fail to read the pastoral novels of the Hebel of Franche-Comté, Max Buchon, a writer who combined with the French sprightliness not a little of the quaint domestic humour of Switzerland and the romantic credulity of the Black Forest. His books are the best literary product of the Jura, and reflect with most fidelity the characteristics of its inhabitants. Buchon was an indolent and timid man, who resisted the attempts of his friends and admirers to transplant him into Parisian literary society. He wisely preferred to be the chief writer of Franche-Comté to attaining with much labour and anxiety a third-rate position in the capital. He did good work in collecting and preserving the ballads and popular melodies of the mountains, songs that bear still the impress of the period of Spanish possession. There is a picturesque simplicity and tenderness about the Franc-Comtois folk-songs which give them a high place in such literature, nor are they yet by any means extinct. One may yet hear from a Gothic window in the winding Matchin the pure voice of a girl warbling the old melody of "Les Trois Princesses":—

Derrière chez mon père,  
Vole, mon cœur, vole!  
Derrière chez mon père  
Il y a t'un pommier doux,  
Il y a t'un pommier doux,  
Tout doux et iou!  
Il y a t'un pommier doux.

with one melodious stanza after another, closing in the charming confession:—

S'il gagne bataille,  
Vole, mon cœur, vole!  
S'il gagne bataille,  
Il aura mes amours...  
Il aura mes amours,  
Tout doux et iou!  
Il aura mes amours!  
Qu'il gagne ou non gagne,  
Vole, mon cœur, vole!  
Qu'il gagne ou non gagne  
Il les aura toujours...  
Il les aura toujours,  
Tout doux et iou!  
Il les aura toujours!

Unfortunately, Max Buchon's collection of the ballads of Franche-Comté has long been out of print, but his novelettes are easy to obtain. No visitor to Salins should fail to put *Le Matchin* in his pocket, and ascending the steep incline of Fort Belin when the first red daisies star the grass, and the town lies in sunshine below him, read the pastoral loves and unbewildering adventures of Josillon, Manuel, and Fifine. Although it is nearly thirty years since the book was written, it gives a picture of life among the vintagers of Salins and its neighbourhood in which there is hardly a word that might not have been written to-day. The stories of Max Buchon hold a place in French literature that cannot be said to be very significant, but which is unique as far as it goes. He is the only Frenchman who has been strongly influenced by the popular and legendary folk-tales of Germany. In reading his *märchen*, for such they really are, we are constantly reminded, not only of Hebel, of whom he was confessedly a disciple, but of the early manner of Auerbach and of the less-known stories of the Bernese Oberland, told in Swiss *patois* by Jeremias

Gotthelf. It is not creditable to the patriotism of Franche-Comté that no edition of the complete writings of Max Buchon is in existence. His collection of folk-songs and his novelette of *Le Matchin* alone suffice to claim for him the honours of revival.

#### THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

MR. PARNELL'S restoration to his afflicted country, if he will accept England as his country, and if it is really he who has returned, as to which the public mind is still clouded with a doubt, puts an end to a very remarkable and interesting Odyssey. From the memorable hour when Mr. Parnell failed in his motion that Mr. Gladstone be not heard, he seems to have determined to put and carry a motion that he himself be not seen. He retired into cloudland like other unsuccessful heroes on similar occasions, and his whereabouts and occupation at once became a subject of the keenest interest. Some said he was at Paris, some said he was at Frankfort "arranging telegraphic communications with America"—an awful and mysterious phrase. According to the general belief, he was simply obeying the solemn warning of not the least pleasing of Dickens's creations, and taking care of the "portable property," the proceeds of the Land League "rint." But there were not wanting base insinuations and innuendists who saw in Mr. Parnell's precipitate disappearance a kind of frenzy of John Dennis, or something similar to that remarkable infatuation which made Coleridge consider himself in danger of the fate of the Duke of Enghien. After the extrusion of the Irish members and the arrest of Davitt, there was no knowing what might happen, and Mr. Parnell gracefully yielded to the prayers of his friends not to expose *tam carum caput* to the vile machinations of Mr. Forster. Mr. Davitt and Mr. Parnell playing *écarté*, by special license of the persecutors, in a retired chamber of Portland, with a distant view of the sounding sea, was too dreadful an idea to be entertained for a moment. Indeed it has been hinted that there were times when even Paris seemed a scarcely safe enough refuge. There are policemen in Paris, and your Land Leaguer looks on a policeman, perhaps not without reason, as his natural enemy. The West, the land of the free, suggested itself, though, by the way, there are policemen there too, and of the most heavy-handed, prodigal not merely of buckshot, but of bullets. The West, however, the land of the free, appears to have expressed itself with unbecoming want of fervour in reference to this proposal. The American papers have spoken of Mr. Parnell—Parnell, as in the fine Republican manner they call him—as having run away, and they intimate that it is not likely to be "roses, roses all the way" for him if he returns to the States, whatever it may have been a year ago. So Mr. Parnell has issued a manifesto announcing his return to Ireland and to Parliament. He is returning with a terrible programme—a programme of no small interest, of which more anon. But for the present his occupation during his absence is what concerns us. The wildest and most picturesque of all the legends is that during his supposed presence in Paris he has twice been seen in London. This suggests the celebrated visits of another Charles Stuart, which George III. discovered by his own secret police, and which frightened Grenville or Lord North or whoever it was so terribly. Indeed his good-natured Majesty's traditional remark on the subject is still perhaps the most appropriate for sensible people to apply to the Parnellian exodus:—"Let the young man alone, and when he is tired he will go—[come] home again of his own accord." So has Mr. Parnell come home, or is coming home, and remembering the way in which he departed, he will no doubt bring his tail behind him (possibly even between his legs), to complete the quotation of which the best of monarchs was doubtless thinking.

The Hibernian Ulysses, however, during his wanderings has, like his model, seen many interesting men and things. *Kai men Tantalos eisaidon* ought to recur frequently in the tales which he will tell the Land Leaguers when the most flaring gas jet is kindled and the fizzingest bottle of zoedone has its strings cut. For, to the disgust of the Parisians, offers of the national potheen did not tempt Mr. Parnell, and he seems to have confined himself to the beverage beloved of those who like to make believe that they are drinking champagne, and thus to flavour their virtue with a spice of sin. Mr. Parnell has seen M. Victor Hugo, and the manifesto above alluded to shows perhaps some traces of the interview or of the eloquent anticipations which it produced in the Parnellian mind. But this interview was private, and we need not trouble ourselves with it. There can be no doubt that the great poet said all that the sublimest faculty of speech and the profoundest ignorance of the subject could together achieve. Other Parisian associates of the Irish Gracchus—a name of evil omen—have been liberal of their reports of his conversation; and in this case there can be not the slightest reason why these reports should not be made free with, for they are undoubtedly *publica materies*. Mr. Parnell seems to have specially haunted M. Rochefort at Paris, a proceeding which has not a little grieved some orthodox wearers of the green, and which is, in its way, odd. For Mr. Parnell is a shrewd enough person, and M. Rochefort ought to have for him many of the characteristics of an awful example. Both are men who, by birth, connexions, and education, had a fair future before them; one has already thrown it away by taking to the miry roads of demagoguism, the other is over his ankles in that mire already, and may perhaps arrive before long at the same goal. However, either



Mr. Parnell attached himself to M. Rochefort or M. Rochefort attached himself to Mr. Parnell; and the two great democrats exchanged ideas. We say exchanged, although the words put into the mouth of the member for Cork are so remarkably like the words of the member, or ex-member, for Paris that suspicions arise in the uncharitable non-democratic mind. The idol of the Irish people, according to M. Rochefort, is "a very fair young man"—quite a David, in fact; "his eye of steel is severe"—not mild steel at all—and "his face, almost ascetic, is calm." Indeed, the general attitude of Mr. Parnell, as described by M. Rochefort, reminds one of the attitude of an Irishman still more distinguished; "he was not angry, only sad." Mr. Parnell is sad for the calamities of the Government press in England, a mysterious division of journalism to the identity of which M. Rochefort affords no further clue than an intimation that it includes the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*. In England we usually consider the *Standard* the Government organ at this moment, but M. Rochefort no doubt is not up to the latest revolutions of the journalistic wheel. The first question which Mr. Parnell asked was as to the influence of the *République Française* (a cunning dog, this member for Cork), knowing no doubt perfectly well that, if there is one newspaper which M. Rochefort in his editorial and personal capacity despises, it is this precise journal. "The *République Française*," was the proud reply, "is a paper very little read," a statement in which, we fear, M. Rochefort consulted rather his wishes than his knowledge of facts. The Macchiavellian Irishman next proceeded to hit M. Rochefort on the other wing, by remarking that "M. Gambetta wanted above all things to be agreeable to the Prince of Wales." On an auditor put in good temper by these artful beginnings, Mr. Parnell then began to "play it" in a manner which we cannot think creditable to his moral tone, though it shows a greater sense of humour than those who judge him merely from his Parliamentary utterances would suppose him to possess. The Irish, it seems, have been forbidden for a hundred years to possess arms, and there is therefore, it would appear, not so much as a pike-head or a flint musket between Cape Clear and the Giant's Causeway. War is hopeless, because the English would simply starve the Irish out, "as they have always done"—notably, for instance, last winter, when the Duchess of Marlborough presided over the operation. The English people are not represented in Parliament, only the aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie* (another remark which naturally enraptured M. Rochefort). Queen Elizabeth by a simple royal decree distributed the lands of Green Erin among the ancestors of the present landlords, all of whom are non-resident, and so it went on; and M. Rochefort swallowed it all, and doubtless thinks himself established as an authority for life on the Irish question. Whether a slight twinkle might or might not have been seen in the very fair young man's eye of steel as he quaffed the half bottle of *zoedone*—but that was after another interview—is a point on which we shall offer no opinion.

So Mr. Parnell, in his *Odyssey*, saw Tantalus—that is to say, M. Rochefort—from whom the refreshing waters of power are apt to retreat so constantly just as they touch his lip; and he saw *Tesiresias*—that is to say, Victor Hugo—and he saw, or may have seen, James Stephens, for whom any parallel that we could select out of the *Necyia* would be so uncomplimentary that we shall not select any. Of miscellaneous ghosts who gibbered at him, interviewers of the *Gaulois*, and so forth, there is no need to speak. But of his remarkable manifesto something must be said. The date Paris is wholly unnecessary, for the thing reeks of Paris—that is, of the peculiar kind of Parisian society in which Mr. Parnell seems to have mixed. Irish patriots have once more steeped themselves in French Republicanism, despite the very discouraging consequences of the former bath, and this is the result. The document, indeed, begins "Gentlemen," which is contrary to Republican etiquette, and, as it is addressed to the Land League, doubtfully sustainable as a statement of fact. It informs the Irish people of that wise resolution in reference to the American visit which we have already noticed. Then we come to the programme. Mr. Parnell is going to appeal to the people of England against the "territorialism and shopocracy which dominate Parliament." Household suffrage in the counties will "sound the doom of the English land system," a junction between English and Irish democracy will bring about the golden age, and "enfranchise labour from the taxes necessary to support standing armies." Meanwhile the tenant-farmers are urged to pursue their noble course. "The sacrifices demanded of them," says Mr. Parnell plaintively, "are not great," they are only asked not to pay their debts, and it may be admitted that, except to men of honour, this is not a very great sacrifice. The touch about shopocracy and the announced alliance between the democracy of England and of Ireland are specially Parisian. It remains to be seen whether this particular *article de Paris* will be found popular in Great Britain. It would be more remarkable than it is, for we do not know that Mr. Parnell has before made open profession of democratic principles, if the support which he has received from the small body of extreme Radicals had been less pronounced. One good turn deserves another, and Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Collings and Mr. Thompson, must now feel that their championship of the very fair young man with the ascetic eye of severe steel is no longer mere chivalry, but sound policy and self-interest well understood. Such are the results of steeping oneself in the pure floods of French Republicanism. The very fair young man comes out of them refreshed, invigorated, and with a programme.

"Down with the shopkeepers!" is Mr. Parnell's cry as he steps on the Kentish beach. The only fear is how the shopkeepers will like it. There are, as his new friends know, hardly any but shopkeepers in England, and we think we have heard that the class does exist in Ireland too. Perhaps they may not like to be put an end to; however, these are intricate points. It is sufficient that Mr. Parnell has had his days of retreat and meditation, not without mystery, like all the greatest characters of history. He has doubtless thought much—he certainly seems to have talked a good deal. Now he returns bringing with him his programme and the memory of the companionship of M. Rochefort. Whether Dr. Nulty and Dr. Gillooly will not feel it necessary to perform some slight form of exorcism before they resume intercourse with M. Rochefort's friend seems doubtful; but the point must be left for those reverend gentlemen to decide.

#### THE JESUIT IMMIGRATION.

IT is well that Exeter Hall, after a temporary eclipse, and indeed serious menace of permanent extinction, has just been—if we may venture to borrow Cardinal Wiseman's words on a memorable occasion—"restored to its place in the ecclesiastical orbit." There is truly urgent work to be done for which no place could be more appropriate, and protests to be raised in every tone of eloquent indignation which may well wake the furthest echoes of that historic Hall. The Philistines are upon us—that is to say the Jesuits. There may be some short-sighted Protestants among us who exulted in the passing of the Ferry bill, and hailed in the summary suppression of the Catholic University in France and the closing of the Jesuit colleges a fresh triumph of Gospel truth. We fear they will be cruelly disappointed. Even supposing that the great Babylon has really collapsed in France—and that remains to be proved—their patriotism, if not their Protestantism, must be disturbed, when they hear of the new "fitting of the holy house"—not of Loretto but of Ignatius—to our own shores. It is true that the doomed or favoured spot specially selected for this last Jesuit aggression is some hours' sail distant from the English coast, but still it is English territory, and moreover there are ugly rumours of other establishments being appropriated or organized by the dreaded Order—in Sussex, in Wales, and elsewhere—besides the new Imperial Hotel at St. Heliers, the capital of Jersey. Jersey itself has hitherto been a kind of Protestant Paradise. The whole island only contains about 60,000 inhabitants, but we are assured that it includes a variety of denominations somewhat exceeding the usual, and tolerably liberal, English proportion, while the prevalent type of Anglicanism is of the extremest Evangelical kind. It is into the midst of this happy family, of whom it cannot perhaps quite be said that "at once they sing, at once they pray," but who at least all sing and pray against Popery with one heart and one voice, that the most Popish of Papal emissaries are about to thrust themselves. "The Assyrian comes down like a wolf on the fold," not indeed in this case a wolf in sheep's clothing—there may be some consolation in that—and the attempt will be made "to turn Jersey into a French Catholic University, making it another Island of Saints," and thus destroying alike its nationality and its religion. To be sure the prophet of evil tidings, who warns the denizens of Jersey of the things that are coming upon them, does remind them also that after all there is still some balm in Gilead. But his remark that our temper, habits, and educational system preclude the danger of any exclusive institutions, under whatever name, telling much on our religion or our politics, if true for England, is hardly true for Jersey, with its population of 60,000, where the Jesuit propaganda may prove rather a formidable affair. The second consolatory reflection suggested raises a question of wider import, bearing on the whole scheme of Jesuit education, but it is not one the accuracy of which is so obvious as the writer in the *Times* seems to imagine. He tells us that if "the Seminarist"—meaning apparently, not the student, but the teacher—is allowed to have free scope he will only succeed in producing "a creature absolutely selfish, opinionated, full of antipathies, incapable of compromise, and without anything in common with the world he is soon to encounter, except that which he cannot get rid of, the baser parts of his nature." And again we are told—in rather questionable English—that "the seminary succeeds in making men too well satisfied with themselves to be compatible with the work of the outer world." That no doubt hits a blot, and a serious blot, in the ordinary seminary system, but one not peculiar to Jesuit schools, and from which indeed in their palmiest days it was their boast to be exceptionally exempt. That for better or worse they did make men of the world was acknowledged by friend and foe alike, only their critics had a good deal to say about the methods of tortuous casuistry by which this result was achieved. Ranke even goes so far as to speak of their having abandoned all idea of subjugating the world to the spirit of religion, their own spirit on the contrary having succumbed to the influence of the world, and their sole aim being "to render themselves indispensable to their fellow-men, by whatever means this might be effected." He proceeds to observe that to ensure this purpose they deliberately relaxed and perverted not only the rules of their own Order but the precepts of religion and morality, and prostituted the solemn office of confession to their evil ends. This moral relaxation was of course of peculiar significance in a community which from the first had made the education of youth its chief employment.

But at all events, whatever may be thought of the means adopted, there can be no doubt that for a century or so after they rose into power Jesuit education throughout the continent of Europe was a conspicuous success. In England, where of course they had no opportunity of opening colleges till much later, they do not seem ever to have succeeded so well, and vigorous protests have been raised during the last few years, as our readers are aware, from more than one quarter in the English Roman Catholic body itself against parts of their disciplinary system, which are to say the least singularly uncongenial to English notions and habits in the training of youth. That however has no direct bearing on the prospects of their imported colleges, in Jersey and elsewhere, which are designed for the training not of English but of French boys, whom they are forbidden any longer to receive in their own country. In the training of French boys the Jesuits do appear, from the impartial testimony of such observers as Mr. Matthew Arnold, to have been very successful of late. They would indeed strangely have lost their old cunning, if they were unable to hold their own against the unloved and unlovely *lycées*, which, unless they are greatly maligned, show some of the worst moral faults of the "seminary" system, without offering any of its religious attractions. Both Ranke and Hallam have described the marvellous revival of learning they effected in Catholic Europe after the Reformation. The universities, then mainly in the hands of narrow and ignorant ecclesiastics, had failed entirely to keep pace with the advance of Protestant education, till the Jesuits got possession of them or founded rival colleges of their own to supply the want. It was found, says Hallam, that boys learnt more from them in six months than in two years under other masters, and as moreover they taught at that period gratuitously, Protestants often removed their children from the ordinary gymnasia to the Jesuit colleges, with results which may readily be conceived. In classical knowledge, especially of Latin, and in the elegance of their scholarship, they had no superiors, and many of the best Latin writers of the day were Jesuits. They took the lead in polite letters and classical style, and thus dexterously moulded the highest talents of the rising generation to the services of the Church. For in their hands the whole course of Liberal studies took one direction, one perpetual aim—never for a moment lost sight of—the propagation of the Roman Catholic faith. Latin versification was at that time highly prized, and their pupils were accordingly taught to write sacred poems, while the very structure of our old school friend, the *Gradus ad Parnassum*—a Jesuit compilation—was made studiously subservient to the promotion of Catholic orthodoxy. Cardinal Newman has told us in the *Apologia* how he used as a schoolboy, when he firmly believed the Pope to be Antichrist, to score out the pro-Papal epithets and synonyms in his *Gradus* and substitute the vilest terms of abuse he could think of in their place. The *Gradus* was meant to insinuate Popery into Protestant schools. There was again a taste for dramatic representation, and therefore the walls of the Jesuit colleges resounded with sacred tragedies. There was a prejudice at the time against stipendiary teachers, and hence the Jesuit professors, who had their wealthy endowments to fall back upon, increased their popularity by taking no fees. In Germany, in Spain, in Italy, in France, their colleges spread rapidly. "They conquered us," says Ranke, "on our own ground, in our own homes, and stripped us of a part of our country." They had three colleges in Rome, including one for German and one for English students. In France they notoriously took the lead in classical scholarship. "The Jesuits," Huet says, "write and speak Latin well, but their style is almost always too rhetorical. This is owing to their keeping regencies [academical exercises] from their early youth, which makes them speak incessantly in public." Jouvancy, whose Latin orations were published in 1700<sup>1</sup> is said in the *Biographie Universelle* to have had no equal since Maffei and Muretus. The Jesuit Rapin's poem on Gardens, of some 3,000 lines, is commended by Hallam for its truly Virgilian spirit and rhythm, and sustained dignity of expression throughout. With so many claims on public attention and confidence in their educational work we cannot wonder at the rapid spread of Jesuit influence over Europe. Their first school was established at Gandia in the Kingdom of Valencia by Francis Borgia in 1546, and was soon erected into a university by the Pope and the King of Spain, as though a pledge and prophecy of the command they were speedily to acquire over the whole education of Catholic Europe.

But what is equally manifest on the surface of history and not at first sight equally easy to explain, is the fact that Jesuit popularity after a time receded almost as rapidly as it had advanced. The very qualities which had made the Order the most serviceable of allies and the most formidable of enemies contained indeed the seeds of public hatred and ultimate ruin. Their zeal, their compact union, their indefatigable and single devotion to a cause, rendered them often unscrupulous in the choice of means, and still oftener suspected. To Protestants they were naturally obnoxious, if only for their signal successes, but they had also no lack of adversaries within the pale of the Church they served with such exclusive loyalty, and even on the Papal throne, whom their intriguing and ambitious spirit had alienated or alarmed. Chief of course among the grounds of accusation against them stood the charge of what is popularly called Jesuitism, or, in other words, of encouraging by teaching and example a casuistical relaxation of the laws of morality. That there was truth in the indictment no one familiar with the Pro-

vincial Letters, not to go any further, can possibly doubt; and their conduct in some notable cases, as e.g. in the affair of "the Chinese Rites" and their persecution of Bishop Palafox, only too faithfully illustrated the crooked policy they were accused of justifying in their code of ethics. The testimony of writers like the late Professor Huber of Munich, or even Mr. Cartwright, can hardly be credited with judicial impartiality, but there is enough in the works of both writers on the subject to establish a strong case against the incriminated Order. Their services to learning and religion are undisputed, but to them the old saying may be applied with tolerable accuracy, *ubi bene nihil melius, ubi male nihil pejus*. That the charges brought against them were often exaggerated is perfectly true, and Hallam's account of the various reasons—not always discreditable—which led them to embrace the laxer theories of moral obligation is a juster and more comprehensive one than Ranke's. But he admits that they employed their logical acumen in sophisms which undermined the foundations of moral integrity and thus "warred against the conscience they were bound to protect." They never really recovered from the wound inflicted by Pascal, and when a century later the Order was suppressed by the excellent Pope Clement XIV., at the united request of the Catholic Sovereigns of Europe, there were few to regret its fall. Their vigorous subsistence during the forty years of their nominal suppression, under the interested patronage of Protestant or schismatical Governments, tells more for the hardihood of their *esprit de corps* than for their honest submission to the authority they professed to reverence as supreme, absolute, and Divine. It was natural that the Catholic reaction of the present century should be heralded by their revival, but like other restored potentates they have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. Their old ingenuity has not failed them, though it no longer secures them their old supremacy in the world of thought. They still retain the weakness and the strength of their old educational methods, which serve rather to polish and sharpen the intellect than to brace its individual energies, and are admirably adapted to produce a class of adroit special pleaders, but very ill adapted to develop originality of mind. It is a system more congenial to the Latin than to the Anglo-Saxon temper, and is no likelier in the future than in the past to become really acclimatized in England.

#### HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THERE are few more interesting pages in the literature of autobiography than the self-told story of Hector Berlioz. The book is as vivacious and amusing as the "Mémoires" of the great Dumas and as rich in violence and extravagance as the *Vita Scritta da Se Medesimo* of Benvenuto Cellini. With this latter work it has not a little in common. Apart from Cellini's ruffianism, indeed, there are several points of contact, not only between the two books, but between the two men also. Berlioz made the great goldsmith the hero of an opera, and it is not doubtful that he was in complete sympathy with his subject. In the Frenchman there is a full measure of the waywardness of temper, the impatience of authority, the resolute and daring humour, the passion of worship for what is great in art and of contempt for what is little and bad, which entered so largely into the composition of the Florentine. There is not much to choose between the Berlioz of the *Débats*, the author of the *Grotesques de la Musique* and the *A travers Chants*, and the Benvenuto who, as Il Lasca writes of him:—

Senza alcun ritengo o barbaziale,  
Delle cose malfatte dicea male.

Benvenuto enlarges upon the joys of drawing from the life, and expatiates upon the greatness of Michel Angelo in much the same spirit and with much the same fury of admiration with which Berlioz descants upon the rapture of conducting an orchestra, and dilates upon the beauty of *Divinités du Styx* or the adagio of the Sonata in C sharp minor. It is written of Benvenuto, in connexion with Vasari's attack upon that cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, which he was wont to call "The marvel of beautiful things," that, had he but lived to see the result,

Certo non capirebbe nelle pelle;  
E saltando, e correndo, e fulminando,  
S'andrebbe querelando,  
E per tutto gridando ad alta voce  
Giorgin d'Arezzo meterebbe in croce,  
Oggi universalmente  
Odiato della gente  
Quasi pubblico ladro e assassino;

and, in reading, we are irresistibly reminded of Berlioz betrampling Lachnith and the ingenious Castil-Blaze, and defending Beethoven against the destructive pedantry of Fétis. And, just as the "Vita" is invaluable as a personal record of artist-life in the Italy of the Renaissance, so are the "Mémoires" invaluable as a personal record of the works and ways of musicians in the Paris of the Romantic revival. Berlioz is revealed in them as one of the most commanding and original figures in the great movement in which he had the honour to bear a part. He is of the race of the giants. He is the musician of 1830, as Delacroix is the painter; and his work is as typical and as significant as the "Massacre de Scio" and the "Marino Faliero."

His eccentricities and extravagances were not, as with so many others, the effects of imitation; they were innate in him. He was born, as he says of himself, "à ne jamais agir comme tout le monde,



à prendre la vie et l'académie à contrepoin. The son of a country doctor, he began by preferring Gluck and Virgil to Cabanis and Munro. At twelve he fell madly in love, and at nineteen he came to Paris to study surgery, when however he soon fell to reading *Alceste* and *Armide*. "Je lus et relus," he says, "les partitions de Gluck; je les copiai, je les appris par cœur; elles me firent perdre le sommeil, oublier le manger et le boire; j'en délirai. Et le jour où, après une anxieuse attente, il me fut enfin permis d'entendre *Iphigénie en Tauride*, je jurai, en sortant de l'Opéra, que malgré père, mère, oncles, tantes, grands parents, et amis, je serais musicien." He kept his oath; and after studying for some time with Lesueur, the author of *Les Bardes*, and writing a mass, an opera, and a grand dramatic scena for voice and orchestra, all of which he carefully destroyed, he entered the Conservatoire, where Reicha taught him counterpoint, and where he made a mortal foe of Cherubini. His father cut off the supplies; but he supported himself by singing in the chorus at a minor theatre. His mother bestowed her malediction upon him; but he went on working harder than ever. He failed to win the favour of his masters; his works were condemned as monstrosities; he was beaten time after time by nobodies of the purest water; and it was not until he was nearly twenty-seven years old that he won the *prix de Rome*, and could leave school. Meanwhile, however, his education, which was in great measure his own work, had been steadily advancing. At first his idols were Spontini and Gluck. Of Mozart he thought as of some one Italianate and ruined. His aversion was Rossini. "Je me suis alors demandé plus d'une fois," he says, "comment je pourrais m'y prendre pour miner le Théâtre-Italien, et le faire sauter un soir de représentation, avec toute sa population rossinienne." An author who made a great impression upon him was Byron, to whose influence is owing the *Harold en Italie*. The *Faust* translation of Gérard de Nerval inspired him with an idea which afterwards took shape in the *Damnation*. He was introduced, through one of the arrangements of Castil-Blaze, to the art of Weber, and it became one of the main influences of his life. Shakspeare, revealed to him by the acting of Macready and Miss Smithson—whom he presently married—in *Hamlet* and in *Romeo and Juliet*, almost killed him. "Shakspeare," he says, "en tombant ainsi sur moi à l'improviste, me foudroya. Son éclair, en m'ouvrant le ciel de l'art avec un fracas sublime, m'en illumina les plus lointaines profondeurs. Je reconnus la vraie grandeur, la vraie beauté, la vraie vérité dramatique. . . . Je vis, je compris, je sentis que j'étais vivant, qu'il fallait me lever et marcher." For a long time he could neither eat nor sleep, he could neither read nor work—"La secousse avait été trop forte, et je fus longtemps à me remettre." A similar effect was produced upon him by the discovery of Beethoven, for whom, from first to last, his admiration was boundless. To Berlioz that mighty master was "a king of kings"; his greater sonatas "servirent pour l'échelle métrique pour mesurer le développement de notre intelligence musicale"; he is "a Throne, a Domination, a Power, a Titan, a demigod." M. Legouvé says of Berlioz that he had but two books, Virgil and Shakspeare, and that these two he knew by heart. In the same way, it may be said of him that, with a great regard for Weber, he recognized the sovereignty of but two musicians, Gluck and Beethoven. It must be acknowledged that his taste was right, and such as may become a great artist.

His life was extraordinarily full and varied. He suffered cruelly and enjoyed greatly; his failures were hardly less complete than his successes. Abroad he was everywhere received with delight and with applause. In Paris, "la ville du monde où l'on aime le moins la musique, et où l'on fait le plus d'opéras comiques," himself and his music were for long years unpopular. He had many enemies, of all sorts and sizes; and he deserved them all. He was a distinguished writer as well as a great musician; he had plenty to say, and he knew how to say it; and in the columns of the *Débats* he held his own against all comers. He was bold, ardent, the possessor of an admirable style, and rich in wit, sense, and fun. There is not a page of his work, whether playful or serious, but bears the imprint of his personality and has its peculiar interest. Not the least curious and suggestive of his remarks are those in which his own compositions are in question. Heine, in a well-known passage, compared him to "an eagle-sized lark," to "a colossal nightingale," and went on to say that to him the music of Berlioz had in it "something primeval, if not antediluvian," and always made him think of mammoths and giant saurians, of Babylon the Great, and the wonders of Nineveh, and the hanging gardens of Semiramis. Berlioz repeats the comparison, apparently with some complacency, but is not slow to take exception to Heine's conclusion that he has "not much melody and no naïveté at all," and to remind the poet that he is speaking out of the depths of ignorance. He has written a good deal of so-called "architectural music," it is true—as, for instance, the *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale*, with its "sonnerie archangélique, simple mais noble, empanachée, armée, se levant radieuse, triomphante, retentissante, immense, annonçant à la terre et au ciel l'ouverture des portes de l'empyrée," as the *Requiem*, with its colossal "Lacrymosa," its tremendous "Dies Ira"; as the *Symphonie Fantastique*, with its terrible "Sabbat" and its nightmare "Marche au Supplice"; as the *Te Deum*, "dont le finale est sans nul doute ce que j'ai produit de plus grandiose." But these things form but a part of his work, and, to be rightly judged, he must be considered as the composer of *Bénédict et Béatrice* and *L'Enfance du Christ*, of *Harold en Italie* and the *Troïens*, and the *Romeo et Juliette* as

well. Of late a reaction in his favour has set in, and we have been so fortunate as to hear some of the larger and the more important of these works, their enormous difficulty and complexity notwithstanding. Mr. Hallé has succeeded brilliantly with the *Damnation de Faust*; and the production of the *Enfance du Christ* is eagerly expected.

As regards the *Damnation*, Berlioz seems to have set no great store by it. He wrote it, words and music, with great rapidity; much of it in Paris, "chez moi, au café, au jardin des Tuileries, et jusque sur une borne du boulevard du Temple"; much of it, by rail and road, in steamboats and in taverns, during a journey through Bohemia and Hungary. The "Rakocsky March," written in a single night at Vienna, was first given at Pesth, to which city, so great was the excitement it created, Berlioz had to present the original score. The introduction, "Le vieil hiver," was made in the inn at Passau, the "Bords de l'Elbe" scene at Vienna; the "Ronde des Paysans" was jotted down at Breslau by the light of a shop-window; the "Remonte au Ciel" brought the author out of his bed at Pesth at midnight, and the "Jam nox stellata" was written at Breslau. With regard to this last, Berlioz relates that, at Moscow, authority was pleased to consider the song improper, and obliged him to pretend to suppress it, and that a Dresden critic, who also considered his Mephistopheles as a libel on the reputation of the excellent fiend, held it for an abominable slander on the morals of the German student, who was, he said, incapable of any such wickedness as is hymned in it. The *Damnation*, which was produced in 1846, was a complete failure; it was played but twice, and then to empty houses; and Berlioz, who was well-nigh ruined, swore solemnly that never while he lived would he write for the Parisians more. Here, in London, it has been prodigiously successful; in Paris, revived at the Châtelet by M. Colonne, it was played many times in succession to overflowing houses.

#### THE MONASTIC SCRIPTORIUM.

SUETONIUS relates that Julius Caesar was the first to send letters to the Senate written on each page and folded into leaves for preservation. We are not sure that this is the earliest specific mention of the present form of book; but, if Julius was the first to supersede the troublesome roll by the bound volume, he deserves a bust in every library. The latter is a form that has received no improvement, and it is one which it seems impossible to change for the better. The unwinding of a roll and the opening of a book were processes of such different degrees of readiness that no other innovation of equal advantage to the reader was made until the small Latin letter was brought into use by the monks, and took the place of the uncial character, of which it is a modification. The older MSS. were written in capitals, without spaces or points of division in the lines, the whole running continuously as one word. The painful inconvenience of this arrangement makes it strange that the small letter should not have been generally adopted before the ninth century, though it had been introduced at least two centuries before. In this character the Psalter of Alfred the Great, which Astle, in his *History of Writing*, asserted to be in his library, was written. Even at that time the *i* had not received the dot above it, which Mabillon says was not to be found in MSS. before the thirteenth century; one of the earliest books in which the complete *i* occurs being Henry Justellus's MS. of the Gallican version of the Bible, written in 1294. Caesar's *Libellus Memorialis* we may assume to have been no masterpiece of art, being simply official documents executed with despatch. Though Ovid speaks of a rubricated title, or rather of the absence of one ("Nec titulus minio, nec cedro charta notetur," *Trist. Eleg. i.*), the earliest mention, according to Mr. M. D. Wyatt, of an illuminated book refers to a copy of the works of Homer, written in gold upon purple vellum, which Julius Capitolinus describes, in his *Life of Maximinus* the younger, to have been presented to that Emperor by his mother. The practice, however, of adding figures of silver and gold, crimson and purple to the pages of a MS., was chiefly the growth of a period when literature had become religious, and when a belief in the environment of saintly presences undreamed of in Roman philosophy had lent a new inspiration to the artist's work. Whether the rude art of the Catacombs gave rise to the maturer design and gorgeous ornamentation of the mediæval missal has hardly been determined, the influences of the Byzantine spirit of illustration having been thought to be more distinctly traceable in the artist craft of the monastic scriptorium than in the pictorial symbolism of underground Rome. A comparison, however, of some of the richest of the wall-paintings in the Catacombs, as reproduced in De Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea*, with the miniatures in Westwood's *Palæographia Sacra*, would show that the same cloud of witnesses which thronged the imagination of the early Christians in the seclusion of sepulchral Rome directed the hand of the mediæval monk, and suggested the like pictorial devices. In any case, his work was wrought with the most painful diligence; his book was written and enriched with a feeling that in what he was doing he helped towards his own salvation. "Whosoever shall read and understand this book, pray for the soul of me, the writer," would hardly be subscribed to a volume that had been carelessly transcribed or poorly executed. According to the lore of our Protestant boyhood, the monasteries, indeed, were the very castles

of indolence—an opinion that generally becomes modified on more exact and candid examination. To the busy man of the world contemplation is idleness, and the quiet routine of writing would seem but languid activity. But, inasmuch as the only centres of enlightenment in the Dark Ages were the scriptoria of the abbeys, the labours of the monastic scribes ought, to a scholarly estimation, alone to be sufficient to make up for the withdrawal of a numerous section of men from the ordinary business of mankind. Though the triumphal march of literature began with the invention of printing, the materials of the triumph had been provided by the cloistral transcribers, who, by their preservation of the thoughts of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin writers, supplied the chief “copy” for the compositor. It might seem idle to compare a great modern printing-office and its rapid productiveness with the slow manual efforts of the cloister to multiply copies of books; yet a fair consideration of what was produced by the latter would show that, though the feverish haste of modern execution—however consistent with hurrying modes of living—had no likeness in the past, yet the true human feeling which finds utterance in each page of a lovingly executed MS. has a charm that no mechanically produced volume can supply. If the only rays that we had received from the Dark Ages had been reflected from the illuminated MSS. of the abbeys, we should have inherited so priceless a literature that its existence would alone be sufficient to invalidate the charge of drowsy inertness against the religious fraternities.

It is not always that we can point out the scriptorium in the architectural construction of a monastery. We must not imagine a spacious apartment like the refectory or the dormitory, commodious enough for the whole body of resident monks. All the brethren were not engaged in copying, nor in registering passing events; nor were the writing and illumination always done in a single large room. It sometimes happened that the work of transcription and historical compilation was effected in separate cells, or “carols,” which, as we shall see, were arranged in the cloistral walls, or incorporated with the monastic buildings. The word *scriptorium*, indeed, was not invariably a strictly defined term, being used not only for a large or a small chamber devoted to writing, but for cells or small rooms; and sometimes it was applied to larger apartments which, having no other particular name or use, were, as Dr. Maitland remarks, called *scriptoria*, even when not actually used, or specially intended, for the business of writing. Thus we are told that Arnold, Abbot of Villars in Brabant, when he forsook office (c. 1250) occupied a scriptorium, where he lived as a private person in his own apartment. One of his successors, Jacobus, who became abbot in 1276, attached similar cells to the outside of the calefactory, and somewhat later two others were added to the sacristian's house. Among the Cistercians the scriptorium was sometimes a private cell for study or recreation, and among the statutes, A.D. 1278, it is required “that monks to whom scriptoria are allowed *studendum vel recreandum* are not to remain in these apartments at times when they are required to be in the cloister.” Properly, however, and in the great abbeys, the scriptorium was a large chamber, duly consecrated, where as many as twelve, or even twenty, persons were employed in copying and illuminating the sacred scriptures, service-books, and legends of saints, besides noting music and giving much attention to profane literature. The historiographer usually had his private study away from the other scribes. Estates were often devoted to the maintenance of the scriptorium; that at St. Edmundsbury was endowed with two mills, which were a considerable source of revenue; and in 1171 the tithes of a rectory were given to the cathedral convent of St. Swithin, Winchester, *ad libros transcribendos*. In like manner Nigel, A.D. 1160, appropriated two churches to the monks of Ely, *ad libros faciendos*. One of the works produced at St. Edmundsbury was Lydgate's *Boke of the Sege of Troy*, an original copy of which, written and illuminated by the hand of *Dauu John Lydgate, monke of Bery, atte excitacioun and steryng of the moost worthi and myghty Prynce, Kyng Henry the Fyfte*, we observe by a catalogue before us to be at the present moment offered by one of the chief London booksellers at the price of 1,720*l*. It is pleasant, by the way, to hear Lydgate praise his “maister Chaucer,” who “our English gilte with his sawes,” which had been before he says “rude and boisterous,” “far from perfection,” and of “little reputation.” “Godfrede,” he adds, was the first to “magnifie and adorne it with his eloquence” and poetry, and therefore, “for my part,” says honest Lydgate, “I will never end

So as I can hym to magnifye  
In my wrytyng playnly till I dye,  
And God I pray his soule brynge in joye.”

The scriptorium of St. Alban's Abbey was built by Abbot Paulin, a Norman who caused many books to be transcribed there about the year 1080, Archbishop Lanfranc supplying the works to be copied. It was afterwards rebuilt at the expense of Thomas the thirtieth abbot (1349-96), with the oversight of Thomas de Walsingham, Cantor and Scriptorarius. The labours of the monks of St. Alban's were worthy of the importance of their monastery, the extant chronicles of their compilation affording the richest of all harvests for reapers in the field of English mediæval history. Of the St. Alban's historians Matthew Paris might be called an English Herodotus, for though his labours were grounded on the chronicle of Roger Wendover, who had been a monk of his own abbey, he was the first to connect foreign transactions with the history of his own country. His honesty and simplicity, with his power of dramatic narration, were qualities of style that were perhaps understood by King Henry III., who

ordered him to commemorate a great celebration of the feast of Edward the Confessor, appointing to him a seat near the throne that he might adequately view the scene. Happily, Paris's mental strength did not give way under the strain of his studies, so as to require the severe measures that were applied in the case of one of his brethren, Alexander de Langley, who was driven actually mad by his much learning. Langley was keeper of the Abbot's seal, and, moreover, so elegant a scholar, that he could write a letter to the Pope; but in his raving he showed himself proud and conceited. The Abbot ordered him to the cloister, where he persisted in his vaunting pretensions to superior intellect and scholarship. Much moved by this sad exhibition, his chief cited him to the Chapter-House, where he caused him to be flogged till he was bloody (“*usque ad copiosam sanguinis effusionem flagellari*”), and being still unhumbled, he sent him to the cell at Bynham. There the unfortunate maniac was retained in solitary confinement and fetters until he died, when he was even buried in his chains (“*compedibus est sepultus*”).

If we wish to see the former scriptoria of the monks, we must look for them in the cloisters of the abbeys and of the monastic cathedrals. At Clairvaux there were eight small cells in the lesser cloister appointed for the scribes engaged in copying works for the library, which was, as usual, placed over the chapter-house. Odo, first Abbot of St. Martin's at Tournay, used to exult in the number of writers which the Lord had given him; “for if you had gone into the cloisters, you might in general have seen a dozen young monks sitting on chairs, in perfect silence, writing at well-constructed tables.” All Jerome's Commentaries on the Prophets, all the works of St. Gregory, and everything that he could find of St. Augustine, Ambrose, Isidore, Bede, and the Lord Anselm, then Abbot of Bec and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, he caused to be diligently transcribed. Some of these MSS. are believed by Dr. Maitland to be “now the property of my learned friend, Dr. Todd, of Trinity Col., Dublin.” One of them, since sold for 20*l*., is entitled “*Gregorialis*,” and was compiled by, and is apparently in the handwriting of, Alulfus, who during forty-seven years was the *armarius*, or librarian, of the convent under Odo. In the west walk of the cloisters of the Abbey of St. Werburg, Chester, are the arched recesses prepared as studies or carols for the monks, the latter name being obtained from their squareness of section (*carrels*, or *quarrels*). These were continued in the south walk, the ruins of them being yet visible. Each is lighted by a transomed window of two bays, while against the church wall, opposite the cells, were *almeries* to contain the books. In the destroyed south walk of Chester Cathedral were also many carols, and some remain in a fairly perfect condition at the south end of the west walk. In the cloister of Worcester we find similar arrangements, but the most interesting example of the kind in England is in Gloucester Cathedral, formerly the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter. The fan-traceried vaulting of the cloisters there belongs to the second half of the fourteenth century, and is the earliest and most beautiful in the kingdom. Running below the main windows, in the south ambulatory, is a series of twenty carols, or arched cells, with battlemented cresting, each lighted from the inside of the quadrangle by a small window of two divisions. In these silent retreats the busy copyists pursued their calm and unmolested work, and though wars and rebellions might be distracting the nation, they were no more disturbed by the noise of conflict than by the chirp of the sparrows in their cloister green. Silence, indeed, was an attribute of the scriptorium and cloister, and we may well believe that the scrupulous accuracy with which every letter was formed and connected, could only have happened by the most uninterrupted attention to the process of writing. Charles Lamb indeed says, in his queer way, that the “abbey church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn and spirit-soothing as the naked walls of a Quakers' meeting.” As we find by Elia's confession that the silence of a Friends' meeting was not absolutely unbroken, “some trembling female, generally ancient, now and then rising to lay out a few words which ‘she thought might suit the condition of some present,’” we may still keep to the traditional feeling that cathedral aisles and cloistral shades are as solemn and quiet as a Quakers' meeting-house. “To enjoy one another's want of conversation” was the rule of the writing apartments and carols of the abbey. When a book was wanted by one of the brethren, he made a movement as of turning over the leaves of a volume. To this action he added the sign of a cross if the work needed were a missal; for the gospels he crossed his forehead; for a gradual he made the sign of a cross, and kissed his finger, with other prescriptive motions for other books. When a pagan work was required, he was to use a general sign, and then to scratch his ear like a dog, because infidels may be likened to dogs. Sometimes, however, the copying was done by dictation, one of the transcribers reading aloud while the rest wrote accordingly. “Great pains,” remarks Sir T. Duffus Hardy, “were taken in copying the classics, the Latin Fathers, and all books of scholastic learning, but comparatively little labour seems to have been bestowed on the execution of books relating to national or monastic history, unless they were intended for presents.” It was in fitting continuity to the labours of the scriptoria that some of the earliest printing presses should have been set up within the monasteries. The Abbot of Westminster was one of the first patrons of Caxton, whose printing office was established in the Abbey. The earliest Italian printing press was in the Monastery of St. Scholastica at Subiaco, the productions of which are of singular beauty, and much prized by the collector. In the year 1480 a printing press was established at St. Alban's, of which William Wallingford was



then prior. Also, in the next century (1525) a press was set up at Tavistock, where a monk was the printer.

The Rule of St. Benedict ordained four hours to be daily set apart for reading, but it made no mention of writing as an employment for the monks. The labours of the pen were, however, involved in so much attention to books; and when we consider the vast materials for French and English history which have been provided by the monks, particularly the Benedictines, and add the unpublished MSS. of all kinds in public and in private collections, not forgetting the incalculable waste of the monastic libraries, we may conclude that though, as Cardinal Newman argues, the occupation of writing was but an accident of the monastic life, yet each great abbey, such as Fulda, St. Gall, Gandersheim, Fleury, St. Denis, St. Martin at Tours, and our own St. Alban's, was practically a society of letters, and a centre of public enlightenment.

#### THE WOODS IN WINTER.

EVERY ONE with any feeling for the poetry of nature must be alive to the charm of the woods in spring, when the brown buds are bursting out in a delicate flush of vivid green; when the birds have broken into song and are beginning to busy themselves over their nesting. Or in summer, when the cool shadows of the heavy foliage are a delightful refuge from the glare of noonday, and when, like the lady in *Comus*, we may easily lose ourselves in lanes and alleys green, in dingles, bushy dells, or bosky bowers. Or in autumn, when the splendours of the fading leaves remind you of the plumage of the wings of the pheasants, with the golden and russet tints glowing in the slanting sunbeams. But in winter, many people unfamiliar with the country are inclined to associate the woods with all that is most gloomy and depressing. And they may have their sombre and even forbidding aspects, no doubt, according to the weather in which you may visit them. We should recommend none to go a-wandering there in wet, after a prolonged rainfall. It is labour and sorrow to plunge along the rides, deeply rutted by the wheels of the ponderous wood carts, when you sink over the ankles, or possibly above the knee, in the pools of standing water with their bottoms of tenacious mud. If you leave the path by way of bettering things, you find them still worse. Scrambling up the slippery slopes or descending them throws a heavy strain on the aching back sinews, and the branches are something worse than no protection from the rain, since each breath of the wind brings down a douche bath. The time to enjoy a winter walk in the woods is in a crisp, clear frost, strong enough to crystallize the superabundant moisture that would otherwise exhale in mists and vapours. Now the air is as dry as it is pure; and, though the cold may be severe, you hardly realize that, since the atmosphere is absolutely calm. Away from the paths you might fancy yourself in the solitude of Scandinavian forests, were it not for the sounds from the surrounding country, that remind you cheerfully of the near neighbourhood of man. To these sounds the senses seem preternaturally sharpened. You listen to the tinkle of the sheep-bells, mellowed into soft music by the distance; to the crowing of the cocks at cottages or farmsteadings; to the ring of the horses' hoofs on some iron-bound road far away. Close to you, the sparkling rime crackles at the tread of the feet, and the fallen branches snap under your boots with reports like the explosion of crackers. Nothing can be more delicately graceful than the frostwork on the twigs that interlace themselves overhead against the blue of the sky. The trunks of the tall firs are like slender columns of fretted silver; and, if there has been a recent snowfall, the black boughs of the spruces are weighted down under dazzling canopies. These little wintry bowers may form some sort of refuge for the wild animals that are being driven to hard shifts. If there is anything to spoil the pleasure of the walk, it is the feeling of the suffering that is being endured around you. Although in the light and the comparative warmth of high noon, such animals as you come across seem tolerably lively, yet you fancy you can see that they are in evil case by their ragged coats or staring feathers. The hares are most to be pitied in the circumstances. They may make the best of a miserable business cowering under one of the snow-laden boughs, but they have been forced to shift from their favourite snug forms. As for the rabbits, they have always their burrows for a retreat, since the snow-drift must be deep indeed that blocks these. But both hares and rabbits have been hard pushed for food, as you may gather from the withered twigs they have been gnawing, and from the height to which, standing on their hind legs, they have been barking the more succulent ash stems. It would appear indeed that nature, beneficent as she is in her arrangements, might have done something more to help the ground-game towards getting a livelihood in hard weather. For, as we may tell by the infinite intercrossing of their tracks on the snow, they must wander about in a most purposeless manner; instead of scraping and digging with a resolute purpose down to the grass which might give them some kind of nourishment. But if the game are in difficulties, the vermin are the gainers by that. The weasel running across the path, too earnest after some victim he is scenting to be aware of your presence, is on a hunt that is pretty sure to be successful, as hares or rabbits may be easily surprised. And the fox that by a sensational accident you almost set your foot upon, in a bed of crushed and snow-encumbered bracken, is evidently in tip-top condition. He goes off in an easy canter with

a saucy, devil-may-care air, comfortably done up in his ruddy wrappings of fur, and flourishing his well-tagged brush behind him. He has heard nothing of hounds, horses, or horn, and knows that your disturbing him is purely accidental. He probably passed the bitter evening coiled up luxuriously in his earth, and only emerged to seek his supper by the moonlight, when the exercise kept him agreeably warm. Doubtless he supped to his satisfaction on game, if he did not make a raid on the neighbouring poultry-yards; and if it pleased him to lie up in the bracken to digest the meal, we may be sure that he was not unpleasantly chilled. At this hour there are not very many birds about. Most of them have gathered into the thicker hedges, or gone to seek the sunnier exposures in the open fields to see what they may pick up; or the tamer of them have taken up their temporary quarters in the immediate neighbourhood of houses, where they are keeping soul and body together on the charity or waste of the inmates. But one bird there is, though the most familiar of them all, which will certainly come and keep you company in your wood walk. As you pause to admire some picturesque effect, you hear the confidential twitter of the robin over your shoulder; and there he is appealing to you with downturned eye as if he hoped you might have a handful of crumbs in your pocket. For the robins, though sociable, are not gregarious, and scatter themselves everywhere through the woods, orchards, and hedgerows. Or it may be a tom tit that has hurried up on hearing your footsteps, and precedes you in the path you are going, in short, jerky flights from branch to branch. Now and then you may hear the harsh croak of the hooded crow winging his clumsy flight overhead, and scanning the cover for anything he may make a prey of, with cruel, keen eyes. Of you are almost startled by a harsh scream or chattering cry, and catch a glimpse of a flash of brilliant colour, as a jay or a magpie shoots across through the trees. Few birds are worse off in the winter, for they must almost renounce their natural diet, casting about for what they can find in the shape of carrion, or anything else. Wood-pigeons are few and far between, even in the woods they most frequent. They have flocked together, and have taken the habit of mingling with the rooks, searching for spots under clumps of trees in the open that may have been laid bare by the drip in a temporary thaw; or they may have even made their way into the gardens, where they are filling their crops with the cabbage-leaves.

But, as you walk on, the character of the woodland is changing. The dry banks dip down towards a hollow, where a brook, winding down a little valley, forms a swamp that leads on to a deep, dark pool. At least, there ought to be a swamp there in ordinary weather, but to-day of course it is so firmly frozen over that the walking is perfectly dry, though elastic. Before reaching it, you follow the course of the brook for a little way. Every now and then a blackbird rises from the spreading thorns that overhang it, or from beneath the bank where that has been hollowed by the current. Where there is black mould under the roots of the thorns, the chances are that the soil is scarcely so hard as elsewhere, and there are insects to be found by the hungry "orange bills." But there are not many signs of life in the willow beds and frozen rushes further on in the swamp; though towards the evening great flocks of redwings and fieldfares will probably be gathering in thither to roost. Silence is brooding over the little pool that lies half-overshadowed by the encircling alders. But, step as softly as you will, you cannot hope to approach it altogether undetected, for the rushes will crackle under your footsteps. There is a splash, succeeded by another and another. It is the water-rats scuttling from the bank to take shelter in their holes. For, though nine-tenths of the pool are frozen over, at the further end the white-sprinkled surface is broken by a black patch, where a spring bubbling up from under the boughs of a gnarled willow has prevented the ice from forming. And it is fortunate for the moorhens, who make the most of it, besides the other creatures that come to quench their thirst.

But though we may wander far and wide through the woods in winter without meeting a human being, they are not altogether or always deserted. You may hear the ringing strokes of the axe, and if, guided by them, you make your way towards the sound, you will find the woodmen at work, felling a strip of copse-wood. They are lopping the stems and shaping them into clean-dressed poles; laying aside the stout side shoots to be woven into hurdles, and stacking the twigs and branches in bundles for fire-wood. In woodland districts, where there is no lack of timber for the backgrounds, there is a wonderful charm in these periodical cuttings. At first sight you may grudge the graceful cover, or wish it had been spared for another spring at least. But it is soon brought home to you, on nearer observation, that the apparent loss will be a gain. The cutting lets in light and air, where before there had been a somewhat dull uniformity of shadow; and it opens up bright peeps into the landscape which till now had been effectually screened. The many-gabled farmhouse comes in picturesquely in the middle distance, with a swelling ridge of down or breezy bit of common skirting the far horizon behind. Then already, looking forward a couple of springs with the eye of imagination, you see the bare brown ground between the ash stoles covered with beds of primroses and cowslips and the purple blush of nodding wild hyacinths. It may be that, instead of cheery voices and echoing axe-blows, you are arrested by the murmur of suppressed voices. The speakers are neither trespassing nor about any other mischief. It is merely the lord of the manor or the lessee of his shootings, who is out with a ferreting party; and the more quietly he sets about his sport, the better his bag will be. They have chosen a secluded spot in a

clearing, where a bank is honeycombed with burrows and bolting-holes. A stalwart figure in velveteens and gaiters is bending forward on chest and knees. He has set his ear to a hole, to hearken what is going forward underground; for the ferret has been "hanging" unduly, and the sportsmen have been getting impatient. There they stand in waiting attitudes, though the strain of attention is for the moment relaxed. And the sun that glances on the gunbarrels lights up other keepers behind, and ferret boxes and a spade or two with a gamebag, and a heap of dead rabbits, and a couple of eager terriers or spaniels, their heads cocked keenly on one side. It is altogether a lively sporting picture that might supply a spirited subject to a sympathetic artist. Still more picturesque and far more animated is the scene when the hounds have met and are drawing the covert. The frost is gone with the snow; and it is to be hoped that the wind has been drying the ground and clearing away the fog that hung in the bottom. We do not know that the prospects of the day's sport are great, for the woods are rambling and very extensive; and the fox, refusing to be forced into the open, may perseveringly run a ring in them. But to the disinterested onlooker the spectacle is all the more exhilarating on that account, when the rides are filled with groups of horsemen who, on their steeds of grey, brown, and bay, might figure with advantage on the canvas of a Cuypp; while the brilliant flashes of the scarlet coats light up the surrounding dimness, and the cheery voices and laughter make the woods echo again. Indeed, there are many men whose recollections of the winter woods are even more pleasing than their bright associations with them in the softer seasons.

#### THE ALKALI ACT.

IN the present state of public business in the House of Commons it is difficult to feel more than a speculative interest in the contents of the Alkali Works Regulation Act. Even with all the advantages of urgency, the Coercion Bill takes its time. When that has been passed the Arms Bill remains, and when that is in turn disposed of, the only result will be to clear the way for the Land Bill. Some spare days must be found or made for Estimates and Supply; the Ballot Act cannot be allowed to expire without some provision for its re-enactment, if not for its amendment; and it will be extremely unfortunate if the Attorney-General is not allowed to deal with corrupt practices while the effect produced by the reports of the Election Commissioners is still fresh. As it is not to be expected that Parliament will sit on into September merely to improve the quality of the air in the neighbourhood of chemical works, it is easy to forecast the fortunes of a Bill which is likely to be opposed with much more zeal than it is supported. It will be a wonder if it gets read a second time in the Commons; it will be a miracle if it is carried through Committee. Under these circumstances, it would have been well if the Government had been content to deal with the subject in a slighter and more provisional fashion. Where the chances of abating existing nuisances are so few, the wiser course would have been to restrict the creation of fresh nuisances and to deal with those already in being at some more convenient because more leisurely season. More good would have been done by a Bill providing that no new works should be opened without the license of the Local Government Board; and that, even with such license, they should not be held to create any vested interest as against future legislation. The advantage of these provisions would be that the area of the nuisance which it is the object of such legislation to abate would not be extended in the interval. Without some such precaution each withdrawal of a Noxious Gases Bill is an invitation to those engaged in the production of these gases to do their worst. Parliament is naturally disposed to treat existing nuisances with more tenderness than it shows to nuisances subsequently created; and in the space of a year a good deal can be done in the way of enlarging old works and opening new ones.

The Government have preferred, however, to bring in a Bill which professes to deal with the whole subject, and this has now been read a second time in the House of Lords. Its authors cannot be charged with the sin of ambition. The Bill introduced by the late Government was not a very tremendous measure; but it had quite a vigorous, and even blustering, air by the side of Lord Huntley's modest suggestions. It was proved before the Royal Commission on Noxious Vapours that copper works are quite as injurious both to health and vegetation as alkali works; and in the Bill of 1879 copper works were expressly included. It is true that they were dealt with in a more gentle manner than alkali works. While the latter were subjected to specific regulations, copper works were only to be compelled to prevent the escape of noxious gas when it could be done at a reasonable expense. The reason, no doubt, for this variation was that assigned by the Royal Commissioners for excluding copper works from the scope of their recommendations. To make copper works harmless requires a large outlay, and in the then, and unfortunately still present, state of the copper trade the means of making a large outlay were not forthcoming. We pointed out at the time that, though this might constitute a reason for not bearing hardly upon works already in being, it was no reason at all for allowing new works to be opened upon the same easy conditions. The Alkali Works Regulation Bill gets over all difficulties upon this head by making no mention of copper works. In common with eleven other trades in-

cluded in Mr. Selater Booth's Bill, they are altogether left out of consideration. Lord Midleton pointed out on Tuesday that in thus picking and choosing between trades the Government are perpetuating an injustice which has already given occasion to much complaint. An owner of alkali works is compelled to adopt costly processes for consuming the noxious gases given out in the manufacture, or is subjected to a heavy fine for not adopting them. Can he be expected not to feel angry when he sees that the owner of other works, giving out gases quite as noxious in at least equal abundance, has neither to consume them nor to suffer for not consuming them? Nor does the mischief end with the sense of injustice thus created. The same feeling of hardship extends to the Inspectors who have to watch the alkali works, and to the magistrates who have to deal with the charges brought against their owners. Nobody says, in so many words, "I will have nothing to do with asking for and imposing penalties on one manufacturer for doing what another is allowed not to do," but the desire to adjust the balance is there insensibly, and the effect of it will probably be seen in laxity in the prosecution of offenders, and in leniency in dealing with them when prosecuted. The Archbishop of Canterbury is naturally disturbed at the restricted scope of the Bill, inasmuch as it will seemingly do little or nothing for the inhabitants of Lambeth. Of late years "Doulton ware" has come into fashion, and the demand for it has led to a great enlargement of the potteries which are the special industry of the district. It is one of the many ill consequences of the settlement of rich and poor in different neighbourhoods that the rich do not know what the poor suffer. If Lambeth were made up of alternate palaces and hovels, the inmates of both would be alike inconvenienced by the fumes of the potteries. As it is, the rich live elsewhere and escape, while the poor are forced to remain and suffer.

Lord Kimberley defended the narrowness of the present Bill on the ground that great care must be taken lest, by interference with works from which the poor derived their means of living, these works should be stopped. No doubt this is a part of the question which it is necessary to keep carefully in view. A village deriving its subsistence from works which destroy vegetation and lower the standard of health for some miles round would have just cause to complain if, in its zeal to purify the air, Parliament shut up the works and left the workers destitute. Yet, if the owner is forced to introduce processes into the manufacture which eat up all his profits, the works will probably be destroyed quite as effectually as though they were closed by Act of Parliament. In such a case as this there are two methods of abating the nuisance which may be adopted without running the risk which Lord Kimberley deprecates. In the first place, the ingenuity of inventors may be stimulated by a provision that whenever a process can be discovered by which the noxious gases may be got rid of at a cost which shall not be ruinous to the owner, the Local Government Board may order him to adopt this process. The dislike to incur a large expenditure is only one of the motives which indisposes manufacturers to do the best they can in the way of consuming noxious gases. Dislike to try new experiments is often quite as much the cause of their inaction, and this is not a sentiment with which the Legislature has any reason to deal tenderly. If the Local Government Board was known to be always on the look out for processes sufficiently cheap in their application to be reasonably enforced upon manufacturers, there would be constant inducement held out to inventors to give their minds to the discovery of something that should answer to this description. In the second place, the opening of similar works in places where they have not hitherto existed may be forbidden unless the owners are able to show that no injurious results will follow. The argument that works which give subsistence to a large number of persons must not be closed, lest in trying to save the district from discomfort we land it in destitution, does not apply in this case. When works are opened in a district hitherto unpolluted by noxious gases, the population which is to live by them has still to be brought together. If permission to open them is refused, no one is injured, because the people on whom the injury is to be inflicted are not there to receive it. The only persons who are likely to be affected one way or the other are those who already live in the neighbourhood, and who will almost certainly be anxious to prevent the nuisance from being created.

The controversy between local and central inspection is decided by this Bill in favour of the central authority. The Inspectors are to be appointed by the Local Government Board and paid by the Treasury. A slight concession, however, is made to the local principle by a provision that any sanitary authority applying for an additional Inspector, and undertaking to pay at least one-half of his salary, may have one appointed for its own district. In this way local inspection will be tried under favourable conditions. The ordinary fault of local inspection lies in the indifference of the local authorities. Where these have been found willing to spend money in getting an Inspector all to themselves, they will probably take care to get useful work out of him.

#### A WEEK ON THE NILE.

THERE are now no fewer than three practicable routes open to the Nile voyager. He may take a Cook's ticket and go up by steamer. He may go to Sioot by train and complete the journey by the postal boat, in which case he will have little time for sight-seeing. Or he may go by dahabieh. If, as some say,



the word "dahabieh" means golden, it will be the more correct to characterize this last as the golden route. True, some derive "dahabieh" differently, and refer it to a word signifying travel. The derivation of words in common use by natives and foreigners alike is always a little difficult, and dahabieh suggests "dragoman," a similarly popular and similarly corrupted expression, which it needs little more philological skill than is enjoyed by many travellers to connect with the Hebrew *targum*, and interpret by interpreter. Certain it is that to travel with a dragoman in a dahabieh is the easiest and, in most cases, the pleasantest way of spending a winter or a week that has yet been devised. You carry your house with you. You have your books, your work, your healthful play. If your home party is large enough, you will have no strangers; if not, the presence of one or two is an agreeable variety. The larger boats hold seven or eight people comfortably; and it is, as a general rule, better if you have places to fill up to choose casually any one who is willing to come than to make the party exclusively of friends. Friendship is sometimes sorely tested in a three months' voyage, whereas acquaintanceship often ripens into friendship. The number of dahabiehs which leave Cairo every winter for the First or the Second Cataract is above a hundred, of which fifty per cent. are English, forty per cent. American, and the rest German, an odd French or Italian flag being sometimes seen. Unfortunately, when the Frenchman or Italian does come to Egypt, he makes his presence known and his visit memorable by defacing all the monuments within his reach; and it is seriously proposed this year that all travellers departing from Cairo should be asked to make collections of the names of people who have inscribed them on the ancient sculptures with a view to their publication in the local *Gazette* as a warning to future offenders. But it may be feared that such a course would only cause worse destructions than ever by people emulous of the fame of Erostratus. It is very easy for a sojourner at Cairo to get leave from the leader of a party going up the Nile in a dahabieh to go on board for a few days, if there is a vacant berth, and the dragoman is propitious. The trip should not at the utmost cost more than 1*l.* a day, including the railway fare back to Cairo from whatever point the boat may have reached. The traveller obtains a certain amount of knowledge as to the advantages and drawbacks of the Nile voyage, and comes back wiser, and perhaps sadder—for he wishes he had arranged to go in this fashion all the way.

At first sight the boat presents a very handsome, not to say magnificent, appearance. It is somewhat the shape of an English passenger steamer with a high stern cabin and poop. But in the Nile boat there is no fore cabin, and the half deck comes forward beyond the middle. In front of the door is a small open space on which the dragoman sits in gorgeous apparel and gives his orders to captain and crew alike in a stentorian voice, his words well mingled with such expressions as "ibn kalb," or "ibn khan-seer," son of a dog or a pig, as the case may be. The mast is a little further forward, and is a stout construction some fifteen or twenty feet high, on the top of which, fastened by a kind of leathern hinge, is the yard. This is formed by joining three timbers, until the whole is something like one hundred feet long. The sail is of a single piece, and there is no provision for taking in a reef. On the whole, the effect of the full sail, supplemented by a little sail at the stern, is very fine. A fleet of dahabiehs running "swan's wing" before the wind, with the setting sun imparting a rosy hue to the sails, and the Nile itself shining like gold, is a sight which, once seen, is never to be forgotten. When we enter the saloon we find it a square room with divans at either side, and many windows and mirrors, as well as a skylight. A narrow passage, on either side of which are the sleeping cabins, leads to a second or ladies' saloon, and from it a stern gallery or balcony is reached, which is particularly useful to an artist, if one is on board. Many dahabiehs, however, are without this feature, and on the whole it is more ornamental than useful, as it is too cold when the north wind blows, and we are going up stream, and too hot when we have turned and are coming back with the full blaze into it of the southern sun. The sleeping cabins are often very wide and comfortable, sometimes mere cribs. The windows rattle unceasingly, and are only opened and closed at the risk of pinching your fingers. We have seen other drawbacks to the pleasures of a voyage. One gentleman who in a crowded boat was assigned a bed on the top of a bath, was much annoyed by being treated to a shower-bath in the morning watch. Some boats contain more than the contract number of passengers in the shape of rats and other vermin. There are constant draughts from open windows and doors that will not shut. The rudder creaks with a sound intermediate between a snore and the cry of a dying child. The night, or rather the early morning, is often very cold—so cold, at least, that the bed clothes provided overnight are insufficient, and you rise to find that you have piled upon your feet not only all the contents of your portmanteau, but perhaps the portmanteau itself. Moreover, you have hardly started on the voyage when you find out how much is left behind, and as long as you are in sight of Cairo, which is often for several days, you send messengers for forgotten boxes of biscuits, or to change the tea, or to fetch more blankets, until at last you are too far to send except for something very important; the more so, as your messenger finds it impossible, especially if you have given him a few francs, to return before the next day, if then. On one occasion a messenger despatched to the next town to post and bring back letters, did not return, and after two days another sailor was sent to seek him. He also remained away, and, finally, the dragoman himself proceeded to the town, which was some

ten miles off, and found the two mariners in a coffee-shop listening to the impassioned music of a singing-girl. Such defections are not, however, common, and the men sent out generally return duly to the boat. On the whole, the members of the crew of a Nile boat are a very fine, stalwart, hard-working, and obliging set, and, what is more, so honest and so well behaved, that you may trust them implicitly. The courtly *reis*, or captain, addresses them as "My sons," and they obey his orders, even to the length of plunging into the unknown depths of the dark river on cold nights, when the boat is caught on a sandbank, or has to be towed to a safe anchorage by the shore.

At last we get out of sight of the white mosque of Mohammed Ali on the cliff above Cairo, and are fairly on the voyage, with the wind steady from the north, and the great sail, with its dark blue border and long red pennant, bending gracefully before us. We pass Rhoda and the Nilometer, the place where, as the dragoman informs us, Pharaoh's daughter found Moses. We pass the great honeycombed hills of Toora, whence the stone for the Pyramids was taken across to Memphis. The site of Memphis is marked by the seemingly endless grove of dark palms on the right, and as the evening wanes the Pyramids on the sandy plateau beyond, turn from yellow to pink, and finally to purple. Those of us who have not travelled that way before are astonished at the number of the Pyramids. "We thought," they say, "there were three and no more, yet from one point it is easy to count a score." This observation probably leads to a lecture on the history and object of pyramids, and if one of the party knows Arabic, he forms a class at once, and so learning is not neglected, though on pleasure we are so determinedly bent. Very few tourists contrive to "do" the Nile without becoming more or less interested in the antiquities and their history, and a fellow-passenger who can read a hieroglyph will have to find the answers to an endless catechism. When we stop for the night dinner is announced, and we reluctantly tear ourselves from the after-glow and the zodiacal light, and the stars with their bright reflections in the river, to sit down to a repast which astonishes the inexperienced voyager, not only by its lavish abundance, but by its superior cookery. The brown Arab cook, with a wretched little mud stove in a sort of box before the mast, will turn out a dinner of eight or nine separate dishes, served perhaps for ten or a dozen people, superior in every way to the dinners on any one of the half-dozen English boats in which we have made the voyage out and home. Egyptian meat is not enticing in itself, but the cooking goes far to redeem it; and we cannot but think what famous food our cook would produce if he had the good English beef and mutton we have so often seen ruined in the galley of an ocean steamer. The dragoman is always inclined to make too much display, and contrives to have a magnificent dessert of fresh and dried fruits and sweetmeats during the whole course of the voyage.

Next morning, perhaps, the wind is contrary, and we are either tied up to the bank or "tracking"—that is, a dozen unhappy sailors are dragging us slowly along, chanting a wild song as they go, and pulling at the rate of perhaps three miles an hour. It is weary work for the men, and almost as weary for the passengers, who, between the English dislike of being dragged by human beings turned into beasts of burden, and the impatience engendered by the slowness of the progress, sometimes find themselves in a very irritable mood. This frame of mind is best relieved by a walk; but to get ashore is not always easy. The simplest way is to take off your boots and wade; but the ladies of the party want to come. The captain shouts to the men to stop, but they are chanting as they swing along, and do not hear him, or think he is urging them to greater efforts. Perhaps, after all, the dragoman condescends to step into the breach, and, calling the cook's boy to his aid, puts the party ashore in a row-boat. But this is an unusual experience; and the chances are that the steersman dashes the dahabieh against the bank with a vehemence which throws the trackers on their faces, and in a moment half of them are asleep on the sand where they fall, and the others have come down to the water's edge, or plunged in boldly, and run out the plank, or carried you ashore. Then a sailor is told off to walk after you with a long pole to keep troublesome people and buffaloes away, and the rest rouse themselves and recommence their chant. You look proudly at the boat. In gliding state the "gilded vessel" goes, her reflection in the still water doubling the imposing impression she makes. The bank is in some places ten or twelve feet above the surface of the water, in others a flat, shelving, sandy shore. Sometimes you can go for miles along what looks like the towing-path of a canal at home. Again, there are peninsulas and capes to be rounded, or the men have to swim across a bay with the rope in their teeth. You seem to carry a little England with you when you are among your own belongings and your own social usages on board; but when you land you realize how even a few miles from Cairo, and a few hundred yards from your dahabieh, you are indeed in a foreign land. But we must reserve our notes of the scenery and the people for another paper.

#### THE PROPOSED MONETARY CONFERENCE.

M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE is said to have informed his colleagues in the French Ministry that the United States have agreed to take part in an International Monetary Conference, to be held in Paris next summer, for the purpose

of considering how best a general system of bimetalism can be adopted. It is not yet known, and probably is not yet settled, how the invitations are to be sent out to the other Powers; whether, that is, France alone, or France in conjunction with the United States, will send them. But it seems to be generally expected that Germany, Austria, and Italy will make no objection to be represented; and it is assumed, as a matter of course, that England also will send delegates. We are not quite sure that it would not be the better course for England to decline the invitation. For two entire generations we have now had a currency as nearly perfect as it can be; and it is out of the question, therefore, that we should agree to change it because other nations are less fortunate. It may be objected, and no doubt it is to a certain extent true, that India is intensely interested in the silver question, and that England is a trustee for India. But, although India has, no doubt, suffered from the depreciation of silver, she has not done so in her internal trade. The currency of India itself is perfectly satisfactory. There is no decrease in the purchasing power of silver in India—or, at least, no greater decrease than is often produced by mere changes in the state of credit in a community. And, this being so, it would be the height of unwisdom to tamper with a currency that is so satisfactory for the real purposes for which a currency exists. India has suffered from the depreciation of silver because, having a silver currency, she has incurred obligations in gold, and gold, as compared with silver, has become of enormously greater value. But this is no reason for a change in the Indian currency, and we doubt very strongly whether such a change would in the least diminish the evil. It has been conclusively settled, as the result of the discussions raised by the various proposals of late years made to tamper with the Indian currency, that all such proposals originated in a misconception of the problem to be solved, and are undeserving of consideration by the Indian Government. We may conclude, therefore, as a matter beyond doubt, that neither India nor England will agree to the adoption of bimetalism; and, this being so, it would be the wiser course at once to tell France and the United States that we cannot enter into a discussion for adopting a system which we are perfectly resolved we shall not adopt, and it would be advisable even in the interests of France and the United States themselves. For, if the Conference is to be successful, its object certainly will not be served by the presence of delegates instructed not to agree to the resolutions to be proposed for adoption. But it is generally assumed that it would be discourteous to refuse the invitation; and we suppose, therefore, that English delegates will attend the Conference, and will go there with instructions similar to those delivered to Mr. Goschen and Mr. Hicks Gibbs a couple of years ago.

Nor do the other Powers really need our co-operation in this matter. The depreciation of silver was originated by the decision of Germany to substitute gold for silver as the standard of value when she adopted the wise resolution to abolish the various currencies previously existing, and to introduce one uniform currency for the whole Empire. The unification of the currency was a most wise step, whether regarded from an economic or a political point of view. But the substitution of gold for silver was unwise. Germany is too poor a country to need a metal so dear as gold, and her trade would really be better served by a currency of a cheaper material. The volume of her trade is comparatively small. The transactions themselves are also individually small, and therefore silver would constitute for her a much better standard of value. There is no earthly reason why Germany should not of her own motion, apart altogether from what other Powers may do, decide to go back from gold to silver, while maintaining the unification of her currency. That would be the best course, and it would probably in itself put an end to the depreciation of silver originated by the previous action of Germany. But in the way of doing this there is the false shame which forbids a Government to confess that it has made a grievous and costly mistake in a matter of such moment. And there is the further obstacle that it is generally supposed, because England has a single gold standard, and is the greatest of commercial nations, that, therefore, there must be some peculiar virtue in a gold currency. That is, of course, a mere superstition. A gold currency suits England because she is the greatest of commercial countries and because her transactions are individually of large amount. She needs, therefore, a large coin like a sovereign, as the unit of her calculations; but a country like Germany has no such need, and is better served by a smaller unit. Lastly, there is the fear that, in abandoning gold to England as the sole standard of value, other nations would be giving up to her a great commercial advantage; that, in short, where the best monetary system is, there will follow the best financial business of the world, and that, consequently, England will continue to be the centre of the banking and trade of the world. This, again, is a mere superstition. It is not because England has a gold currency that she is the world's banker, but because she has the greatest available capital, because her banking system is more developed than that of other countries, and because her trade is greater. She does a larger business with every part of the world than any other country does, and consequently she is able to avail herself of her surplus funds in a way that they cannot attempt. But it is very probable, indeed, that the refusal of England to adopt bimetalism will induce other countries, and more particularly the United States, to follow the example, and that, therefore, the Conference will fall to the ground. If so, we are

not sure that any injury will be done to the real interests of any of the countries about to be represented at the Conference. Bimetalism in itself is a mistaken idea, and the non-success of the proposal to adopt bimetalism generally can, therefore, not be regarded by any good economist as a matter for regret. At the same time, if the United States, France, Italy, and Germany wish to adopt bimetalism, no doubt it is wise on their part to come to an agreement as to the proportions which shall be established between gold and silver, and as to the general currency of the coins of the several countries adopting the system within the territories of the others. It was no doubt an advantage to the countries of the Latin Union—France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece—that they had a common money, and that the coin of each circulated freely within the territories of the rest. It would particularly have been an advantage if all had had throughout metallic money. And in the same way it would doubtless be an advantage, if the United States and Germany are to join the Latin Union, that they should arrange the terms on which they are to do so. But it is very doubtful, indeed, apart altogether from the jealousy that will be felt in regard to England, whether Germany will consent to say that the policy she adopted at the end of the Franco-German war was a mistake, and that she has to apply to be admitted within the Union founded by France, and of which France is the head. The United States, France, and the other countries of the Latin Union, however, are bimetallic; and in going into a Conference to settle between them the basis on which bimetalism shall be continued, they are acting rationally and prudently, provided they have made up their minds to maintain bimetalism. At present, as is well known, the bimetallic system is suspended in France and the other countries of the Latin Union, silver being no longer freely coined; while in the United States the relation borne by silver to gold is not the same as it is within the Latin Union. It is not unreasonable, therefore, that each party should desire to come to some agreement with the others as to what relation is to be adopted, and as to whether bimetalism is to be resumed in full force in the future.

It does not appear probable, then, that the proposed Conference will lead to much result. England, as we have been pointing out, cannot agree to a change of her currency; and the other countries will probably be too jealous of England to bind themselves to a system which she rejects, while Germany will hardly like to confess that the great coinage reform which has cost her so much was an extravagant blunder. But it is quite clear all the same that the position of the United States, France, and Germany in regard to their coinage is becoming intolerable. Germany, as we have just been saying, began the mischief. She made a mistake in adopting a standard of value unsuited to her circumstances, and she committed a further mistake in stopping short when success was within her reach, instead of strenuously carrying out the reform which had already cost her very dear. She now has a large gold coinage, with a very considerable silver currency which legally is of the same value as gold, but intrinsically is not so. France, on the other hand, which has been bi-metallic since the Revolution, though still remaining so in theory, in practice has suspended bimetalism. For several years now, no silver has been allowed to be coined, and consequently the French silver pieces maintain their value only because they enjoy a monopoly. As a natural consequence of this state of things, France has been rapidly losing her gold. A few years ago the Bank of France held the greater part of its metallic reserve in gold, and only the smaller part of it in silver. Now its gold reserve has fallen to a little more than 21 millions, while the silver exceeds 50 millions. If she allows things to go on as at present, before very long the whole of her gold will have disappeared, and then she will have been left with silver alone. No doubt France is rich enough to buy back gold, whenever she really makes up her mind to the sacrifice; but, even if she does so, how is she to get rid of the mass of silver which has accumulated in the country? The Bank of France clearly cannot afford the loss which would be entailed upon her were silver to be demonetized by the sale of over fifty millions sterling of that metal, and, therefore, the French Government, whose debt is already great enough, will have to bear the burden. The United States, again, are producers of silver, and it is to their interest, therefore, that the value of silver should be maintained; that they should be able to obtain a good price for so important a commodity. Their settled national policy is to give protection to native industry, and the silver interest has known how to avail itself of this policy, and has compelled the Government to adopt bimetalism, and to pass an Act making compulsory the coinage every year of 4,800,000 of silver. But this silver the people will not take, and it is consequently accumulating in the Treasury vaults. It will be a serious loss to the Government if the Bland Act is repealed, and this silver has to be sold as a depreciated commodity, while we may be sure the silver interest will use all its influence to prevent such a consummation. There is no denying, then, the dilemma in which those three great nations find themselves, and it is very plain that they cannot much longer go on in this way. But, as we have already said, the Conference plan on which they have hit is hardly likely to help them out of their difficulties.



## THE THEATRES.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH'S *King Lear* thus far surpasses any performance which he has given to a London audience. It is true that there is no single quality displayed in it of the possession of which he had not before given evidence; but on no former occasion has so much been demanded of him at once, and on no former occasion has his genius been so unflinching. The word we have just used, "genius," is one against the too bounteous use of which we have often protested; and there are few words which lose their value more by being scattered broadcast. If we had hesitated to apply it to Mr. Booth's acting before he had appeared as *Othello* and *King Lear*, we should have hesitated no longer after he had done so. In his rendering of both characters there was apparent that native sense of grandeur and poetry which not even the highest talent can achieve, but the combination of which with all that the highest talent can acquire in the direction of art and artifice may certainly be said to deserve the name of genius. In *Othello*, as we observed, the actor's power on a few occasions seemed to flag; in *King Lear* there are no such occasions. From first to last the character, with its senility, its slowly and surely increasing madness, its overwhelming bursts of passion, its moving tenderness and feebleness, and, underlying and seen through all these, that authority to which Kent makes marked reference, was seized and presented with extraordinary force. So complete are the interest and the illusion that it is only when the play is over that the fine art which rules the storm of passion is apparent, and that such delicate inventive touches as the suggestion to Lear's wandering wits of the troop of horse shod with felt are remembered. The character is of course the more difficult because it begins at such high pressure in the very first scene that any coming tardy off after that scene has been successfully played would be unhappily accented. Nothing could well be finer than Mr. Booth's rage and disappointment with Cordelia, and the half-insane curse which follows them, and throughout the scene his senile yet royal bearing, and that grace and happiness of gesture to which we have on other occasions referred, were marked. Mr. Booth seems to have founded, rightly, as it seems to us, his conception of Lear's attitude at the period of the play's beginning upon the significant speeches interchanged between Regan and Goneril, which are omitted in the stage version:—

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little; he always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

In *King Lear*'s next scene, with Kent and Oswald, Mr. Booth marks a slight increase in what may be called his "doitedness," and his rising anger with Goneril leads admirably up to the overpowering passion of the well-known speech ending

that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child.

In the second act there is intense pathos in his eager welcoming of Regan and the disappointment which quickly follows upon it, finely marked in, amongst other points, the delivery of the words to Kent, "O sir, are you free? Some other time for that," as contrasted with the fury of the subsequent question, "Who put my man in the stocks?" A striking proof of the excellence of Mr. Booth's performance is found in the fact that the great speech at the end of this act, ending with

No, you unnatural hags,  
I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such things:—  
What they are, yet I know not: but they shall be  
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:—  
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,  
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool! I shall go mad!

is to the full as effective and impressive as the speech already referred to in the former act. The growing madness of the scene on the heath, marked among other things by the fascinated interest with which Lear listens to Poor Tom's babblings, is admirably expressed, and the scene of actual madness is acted with a power and reality in which the truest art on the actor's part avoids any hint of repulsiveness. But Mr. Booth's greatest triumph is perhaps attained in the concluding scenes of the play. His *Othello* had shown that he was not deficient in tenderness, as on some former occasions he had seemed to be; but it hardly prepared one for the overpowering pathos of "For as I am a man, I think this lady, To be my child Cordelia." We have seen no acting more thrilling than Mr. Booth's in this and in the last scene of the tragedy—scenes which none but a great actor could give with the combination of feeling and skill which the words demand. The pathetic confusion and wandering of the speech just referred to, with its sudden gleam of recognition at the end, are matched by the wailing over Cordelia's body, interrupted by, "I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee." No less touching is Lear's death, with the moments immediately preceding it. Altogether, it would be difficult to speak too highly of a performance which cannot but be the result of close and careful

study, working hand in hand with imagination and passion. It is to be regretted that such a piece of acting is so "dreadfully attended," for the most part, by the other actors concerned. Mr. Ryder's Kent is admirable, and so is Mr. F. Charles's Fool. Mr. Redmund probably has good intentions as Edgar, but gives them expression in a somewhat blatant way. Of the rest of the personages it is best not to speak at all.

It is not unamusing to note the attitude produced in the minds of some critics by the revival of a Shakspearian play which has not been seen for a long time on the English stage except in a bastard Italian version. On this occasion the unfamiliar has become, oddly enough, not so much magnificent as matter for a kind of respectful gibing. It has been discovered that the play contains situations which may perhaps raise or suggest a laugh, and yet, as we all know, it is really a tragedy. What is more odd is that fault has been found with the acting version for its being mutilated and confusing, while at the same time the ruthless length of the play, in spite of the "mutilations," has not given satisfaction. As a matter of fact, Mr. Booth's acting version is far more clear and coherent than is the original play.

A chief feature in the revival at Sadler's Wells, under Miss Isabel Bateman's management, of *Macbeth* is the marked improvement which is to be observed in Mrs. Crowe's *Lady Macbeth*, a part in which she now seems able to give far more successful expression than she did before to her feeling of the character. Her acting, especially in the scene of meeting with the Thane, was charged with a feeling of the situation, and was marked by singular grace and dignity of gesture. Mr. Warner's *Macbeth* is a less satisfactory performance. Mr. Vezin's *Macduff* is given with dignity and impulse. The play is presented with Locke's singing witches, personages who seem to us curiously out of place in it, but whose introduction pleases some of the audience now, as no doubt it did when they were first invented. The manner in which the whole thing is arranged augurs well for the success of the management.

## REVIEWS.

## MAHAFFY'S DESCARTES.\*

THE present demand for readable presentations of the ideas of the great writers, ancient and modern, appears to be almost insatiable. We are having supplied to us just now not only series of light volumes on ancient and on foreign classics and on English men of letters, but also two distinct series of sketches of philosophers. The avowed object of these works is to make the leading thoughts of the writers treated of known to the general reader, and only secondarily to assist the student of philosophy. The publishers of the series which now specially interests us count, they tell us, on a general "growing interest in Philosophy, arising out of the diffusion of Learning and the progress of Science." These works are to tell the reader "who the founders of the chief systems were, and how they dealt with the great questions of the Universe"; after that, it seems, "to give an outline of their lives and characters, to show how the systems were connected with the individualities of the writers," and so on. The series will, it is thought, "thus unfold the History of Modern Philosophy under the light cast on it by the labours of the chief system-builders." The scheme is certainly a bold one. To get at the heart of a philosophic system, to perceive its manifold relations to other systems, and to make all this intelligible and interesting to the "general reader" within the limits of two hundred pages, may safely be said to be no light task. If practicable at all, it can only be so to the hands of a thorough expert, familiar with all the ground to be travelled over, and having the happy art of reshaping the materials which he has made completely his own, so as to give them a form which will at once appeal to the unphilosophic popular intelligence.

The appearance of Professor Mahaffy's volume on Descartes at the head of the series gives one a good opportunity of appreciating the nature of the practical problem to be solved. If anybody is qualified to make philosophy readable even to one who runs, it should be the Professor. He is by no means what the Germans call a pure *Philosoph von Fach*; on the contrary, the chair which he fills at Dublin is devoted to Ancient History. He has written on a number of distinctly popular subjects; for example, Greek social life. And while thus a man of letters, he has tried his hand at popularizing metaphysics by attacking one of the most difficult systems of ancient or modern times, Kant's Critical Philosophy. After this, one would suppose that to make Descartes digestible to the average reader's intellectual stomach would be a mere bagatelle to Professor Mahaffy. Yet, strange to say, instead of having rejoiced to show his powers by lightly taking the leap offered him, he appears rather to have backed, and refused to take it at all, preferring to reach his desired goal by a circuitous road. In other words, the author has talked very little about the philosophy of Descartes, but occupied himself mainly in giving an account of the man, his life, his relations to the Church, to courts, to society, and so on. And, even with respect to Descartes' writings, Professor Mahaffy seems to think that

\* *Philosophical Classics for English Readers*. Edited by W. Knight, LL.D. *Descartes*. By J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1880.

it belongs to his purpose to give an account of his work in mathematics, astronomy, optics, and so on, quite as much as in philosophy; at least he gives considerable space to setting forth his achievements in these branches of science. By thus conceiving his subject, the writer has certainly succeeded in making a readable volume. The history of the French *gentilhomme's* friendship with royal ladies, of his coquettings with the Church, and even of his quaint physical conceptions as to the vortices and the pineal gland, have on the face of them a charm which it would be more difficult to extract from the doctrines of innate ideas, of perception, or of logical method as unfolded in the *Règles pour la direction de l'esprit*. But, then, who could have anticipated that the interpreter of Kant to English readers would have cared to lighten his task in this way?

There are several conceivable reasons why Mr. Mahaffy may have preferred to take the course he has taken. He may have shrewdly suspected, or have gathered from his earlier experiences, that the general reader cannot readily be enticed into giving the requisite attention to the mastery of a writer's philosophic conceptions. In other words, he may be sceptical as to the practicability of the plan set forth by the publishers in their prospectus. But, if so, we are left to wonder why he accepted the task of expounding a philosopher at all. Or he may have taken his particular view of the subject because this happens to be more congenial to his mind. This is certainly the more natural supposition, and is moreover borne out by internal evidence. The exposition of the philosophy which, as we have said, occupies but a proportionately small part of the volume, does not read like the work of a mind that has thoroughly saturated itself for the moment with the ideas to be unfolded. On the contrary, the expositor appears to look at the system of Descartes rather from without than from within. He tells us all about the history of the philosopher's doctrines, gives a full and detailed account of his various writings, makes now and again neat little *précis* of his arguments, and yet never, to our thinking, succeeds in making his ideas intelligible to the modern point of view. When he does attempt to define Descartes' position in relation to modern problems, he seems to us to be anything but helpful.

To give but one instance. What can be made of this? "We can hardly doubt that in its original form his system ought to have established extension on the same basis as thought, being the clear and distinct perception which we have of a quality different from thought. But Descartes' philosophy was the very opposite of what historians of philosophy have described it—it was not a system based on the observation of the facts of consciousness" (p. 150). Whom does Mr. Mahaffy mean by the historians of philosophy? Does he include Kuno Fischer, the first living expounder of Descartes, in the class? Again, if his system is not what these historians represent it as being, how can we be in the state of hardly doubting "that, in its original form," &c.? Anybody who takes this view seems to us totally to misapprehend what Descartes means by intuitive certainty. The criterion of certainty to him is that reflection cannot weaken the conviction by introducing any possible ground of doubt. He found, on a first view of the matter at least, that reflection might throw our persuasion of the existence of external things into a position of unstable equilibrium, whereas it could not even momentarily disturb our conviction of our conscious mental existence. If Descartes had shared common modern views respecting the relation of subject to object, thought to existence, he would, or, to use Mr. Mahaffy's term, he "ought" to, have put the certainty of each on the same level. But then Descartes' system is what it is just because it preceded all the modern discussions about the relation of subject to object in knowledge. Since, moreover, this was the conception of certainty habitually present to Descartes' mind, he did not feel called on to distinguish in an emphatic way between the immediate certainty belonging to self-evident affirmations as the *cogito ergo sum* and the mediate or derivative certainty obtained by simple and clear demonstration. In point of fact, in the *Règles* he uses the word intuition both for the apprehension of self-evident principles and for the recognition of the necessary conclusiveness of a demonstration. Mr. Mahaffy notices this (p. 150), but by his way of referring to it as the overlooking of "a capital distinction" shows that he looks on it simply as a defect in Descartes' method, without appearing to see how it is connected with the cardinal idea and purpose of his philosophy.

Taken, however, in the light of a summary of Descartes' principal writings, Mr. Mahaffy's volume is to be praised for its general clearness and its precision of language in the absence of all technicalities of expression. This is of course saying less than would be said if the writings thus epitomized were those of a technical writer like Kant, since Descartes' own language, if we except, perhaps, parts of the *Œuvres*, is singularly clear; yet it deserves to be recorded. In some places, too, Mr. Mahaffy has added to the English reader's knowledge of Descartes by references to neglected writings. Thus, the account of his ethical views, taken from letters on the Sovereign Good prepared for the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen of Sweden, is a welcome addition to our knowledge of the father of modern philosophy. Possibly Mr. Mahaffy makes too much of these discourses, which do not give us anything like a system of ethics. Yet they contain valuable points, as, for example, the possibility of regarding the three ancient conceptions of the highest good, pleasure, virtue, and perfection of development, as alike true and reconcilable under a larger conception (p. 191). Mr. Mahaffy's endeavour to bring

into view the less commonly recognized side of Descartes' work deserves all praise. It is only a pity that such good work should be here and there marred now by an over-estimate of Descartes' contributions, now by a strong and inexact statement respecting his relation to other thinkers. For example, what Mr. Mahaffy quotes as "acute psychological remarks on the combination of pleasurable and painful elements in the emotions of the theatre," &c. (pp. 188, 189), will certainly not strike most psychologists as such. They can hardly fail to be reminded by contrast of Hume's penetrating observations on the same subject. Again, when the author asserts (p. 161) that Descartes, in the Sixth Discourse of his *Dioptric*, "lays down explicitly all the arguments and illustrations" with respect to the perception of distance used long afterwards by Berkeley in his *Theory of Vision*, and which the latter dishonourably wishes to pass off as perfectly original, the reader is inclined to suspect a touch of exaggeration. Certainly it is an exaggeration to say that "the metaphysic of Locke and of his English followers down to the present century was essentially anti-Cartesian" (p. 204); and, when the writer goes on to say that this metaphysic was generally, for that reason, "unfruitful and shallow," the reader's confidence in his sobriety of mind is not likely to be re-established. Then Mr. Mahaffy's way of accounting for this shallowness is likely to strike the reader as a little odd. He says that this was due to the fact that metaphysics became divorced from mathematics. By a "remarkable accident," he observes, it happened that "none of the leading English metaphysicians in the seventeenth century were mathematicians." This gave "ignorant people" a chance of talking metaphysics—among others (so it seems) Locke and his followers—"which they could not easily attempt as long as the principles of Descartes prevailed." But, since Mr. Mahaffy tells us only two or three pages before that, even in the full zenith of the Cartesian philosophy, when, therefore, it may be safely said to have "prevailed," not only ignorant writers, but mere talkers in society, including fine "Cartesian ladies," began to learn Cartesianism for social purposes, like card-playing, this remark about ignorant people taking up philosophy because it had become divorced from mathematics is a little perplexing.

Yet an occasional dash of Hibernian warmth and force of utterance is after all not unpleasant in itself, and if one is content to read Mr. Mahaffy's book, not so much to get exact ideas about Descartes' position in the history of philosophy as to contemplate a curious picture of a remarkable man, the presence of this touch of exaggeration now and again will not seem out of place. Our author may be congratulated on having made the picture of Descartes in the midst of his social surroundings, learned, clerical, and fashionable, very complete and vivid. He evidently enjoys setting forth the essentially non-theological and pagan cast of mind of the man, who, in spite of numerous obstacles, skilfully managed for so long to maintain friendly relations with Jesuits and with Protestant clergy. Mr. Mahaffy by no means spares the weaknesses of Descartes, and dwells at some length on his fear of Church disapproval, and on the questionable means which he employed, as for example in dealing with the doctrine of the Eucharist, to avoid the experience of Galileo. Yet, on the whole, the biographer seems to be in sufficient sympathy with the type of character portrayed; as well as with that ideal of gentlemanly "generosity," with its due recognition of the claims of the senses, and of reason, of expediency, and of truth, to which it sought to conform.

#### ASPHODEL.\*

MISS BRADDON is a wise woman, for she knows how to read the signs of the times and to profit by them. Twenty years ago people were more romantic than they are at present, and when Mr. Wilkie Collins published the *Woman in White* it was received with acclamations that showed that he had exactly hit the taste of his age. Miss Braddon followed suit with a series of novels where "life becomes a spasm and history a whiz," of which the most powerful example is *Henry Dunbar*. Now murders and bigamies have ceased to interest, and detectives have been found out. The world has become more self-conscious; and Miss Braddon, quick to see that some change is necessary, gives us the blue china, the Japanese screens, and afternoon teas, that make up so large a portion of modern existence.

The heroine of this new novel is not called Asphodel, as we might have expected, but Daphne. Indeed, the name of Asphodel is only once mentioned in the book, in the statement that it was given to the heroine when a child by a "painter friend of her father's." This hardly seems a sufficient reason for the choice of a title; still, meaningless as it is, it is at least an advance on *Just as I Am*. Daphne is the daughter of Sir Vernon Lawford by his second wife, who leaves him a few years after their marriage. Sir Vernon conceives a bitter dislike to the child, whom he sends from one school to another, and when the reader makes acquaintance with her, she is staying with a governess and a schoolfellow at an inn at Fontainebleau. Daphne is a very erratic young person, and has taken advantage of her governess's sick headache to escape into the forest with the heavy and respectable Martha Dibb, and to bask away the long summer's day. She is always boasting of her indifference to heat, as well she may, for surely no damsel of ordinary sensibi-

\* *Asphodel*. A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret." 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co.



lities would have dreamed of appearing on a suffocating June morning in a "blue serge dress lined with scarlet cord up the back," and with scarlet stockings peeping from below it. The only possible excuse for such a costume would have been hair like the raven's wing, but Daphne's locks are of the brightest gold. In this amazing dress she is attempting a comprehensive sketch of the surrounding country, when a voice from behind a rock makes several gratuitous suggestions as to colour. This voice of course belongs to the hero, and, for all the idea we have of his personality, he might as well have remained behind the rock for the rest of the book. By and by, however, he emerges, fraternizes with Daphne, and asks to be allowed to join her picnic. Their meal is scanty and not very inviting, the *pièce de résistance* being half a fowl which "even in its zenith" (what is the zenith of a fowl?) had been a poor specimen of its kind. However, they make the best of it; and, by the time they have finished, matters have advanced so far that the gentleman inquires the lady's name, which she tells him is Poppæa. She is led to do this not from any special admiration of that lady's character, but merely because Poppæa was the last person of whom Daphne had read. In return the hero, whose name we may as well say at once was Gerald Goring, gives her a sketch of his family history, and of the lady to whom he is engaged, though without mentioning either his name or hers. It is, therefore, a great blow to Daphne when a year later he appears at home as the betrothed of her beautiful half sister Madoline (why not Madeline?). The devotion of this pair of sisters is at least as unusual as their constant expression of it. Indeed verbal endearments are lavished on each other in the most unblushing way by all the characters, who never open their mouths without apostrophizing the person to whom they are speaking with some tender epithet beginning with a D. Crushing as best she can her year-old passion for her future brother-in-law, Daphne takes to athletic pursuits—rowing, billiards, and lawn-tennis—in company with a rejected lover of Madoline's, one Edgar Turchill, owner of a very old and beautiful place in the neighbourhood, of which he speedily longs to make Daphne mistress. Miss Braddon is at her best when she is describing these old Warwickshire halls and pastures, which it is evident she both knows and loves. We are sorry to say she has not succeeded so well with her human beings. Daphne, indeed, with her impulsive, pleasure-loving, yet truthful nature, is on the whole possible enough, and if her language contains an undue amount of the word "awful," she is often amusing in her flippancy. But the others have no individuality at all. Edgar Turchill is a dreary specimen of bucolic worthiness, Madoline is "splendidly null," while Gerald Goring, the man of many talents and more laziness, son of a self-made father and high-born mother, and sent to Eton at fifteen, is no more like a real person than the flowers on Mr. Morris's daisy paper are like real daisies. Miss Braddon has done much better than this. However little we may approve of the heroes of her former novels, at least we know something definite about them, and could describe them if necessary. But we have as little idea of what Mr. Goring is like as people present at a dark *séance* of the shape of the spirit hand that touches their cheek.

Thus far the story is a mere idyl, but with Mr. Goring's arrival it takes a shape which involuntarily challenges comparison with the temptation of Maggie Tulliver. Daphne, too, sees her danger, struggles and tries to avoid it; and, by way of safeguard, accepts the proffered devotion of Edgar Turchill. Gerald Goring, whose marriage has been postponed by the selfishness of Madoline's father, takes refuge in Canada; but, when the warm season comes on, he returns to England, and the two pairs of lovers and Sir Vernon go abroad together on a three months' tour. This tour occupies the whole of the third volume, and is a mixture of Baedeker and the diary of an enthusiastic soul on first leaving England. We are told at what hour they rose, how each person breakfasted, when they neglected to come in for luncheon, and when they did not. The two "supreme" moments that came to them were at Fribourg, listening to the organ and standing on the bridge; and it seems hard that the same place should claim both. At last matters came to a crisis in the woods at Glion. The blue lake "winks at Daphne like a Titanic eye." Mr. Goring makes his confession in a more mythological way than we should have thought possible, even from the son of a self-made contractor:—

"You are not going to escape me so easily," he said, pale to the lips with strongest feeling. "No; you and I have a long reckoning to settle. What do you think I am made of, that you dare to treat me as you have done for the last month? Am I a dog to be whistled to your side, to be lured away from love and fealty to another by every trick, and grace, and charm within the compass of woman's art, and then to be dismissed like a dog—sent back to my former owner? You think you can cure me of my folly—cure me by silence and averted looks—that I can forget you and be again the man I was before I loved you. Daphne, you should know me better than that. You have kindled a fire in my blood which you alone can quench. You have steeped me in a poison for which you have the only antidote. Oh! my *Enone!* my *Enone!* will you refuse the balm that can heal my wounds, the balsam that you alone can bestow?"

Daphne, not seeing how to put things straight, though the man does "look like an old Greek god," goes into the middle of the lake and drowns herself. Of course the end has been obvious all along; when the reader is continually impressed with a young lady's love of water, and it is also hinted that the same young lady has a dark fate hanging over her, he must be stupid indeed if he cannot put two and two together. There does not, however, seem any valid reason for bringing her all the way out to Geneva to drown her, when she was for ever boating on the Avon at

home; and, as her father justly observed before the event, a few feet would be as effectual for the purpose as many thousands. Daphne does her best, however, but, like most self-sacrifices, hers is made in vain. Her sister's marriage is broken off, and the next year Mr. Goring ends a remarkably useless career in an accident on the Matterhorn.

Apart from the character of Daphne, any interest that *Asphodel* may possess lies in the padding; in the pictures of Shakespeare's country, of the level pastures and old manors of that part of the world, in the elaborate meals, and still more elaborate costumes. We have counted no less than twenty-one repasts in the book, set down with a minuteness worthy of a menu at a Lord Mayor's feast, and this without reckoning afternoon teas, which are simply numberless. In the millinery department, too, Miss Braddon has been equally energetic; thirty-seven dresses of all sorts, with gloves and stockings to match, grace the pages of her novel, and will no doubt fire the imagination of the feminine reader. Plain and fancy; ball costumes, most *recherchés*; picnic ditto; plain serge costumes, for rowing wear. We fear that *Asphodel* will seriously injure the sale of *Le Follet* and *Myra's Journal*; and that, as we walk through the street, we shall be able at once to say to our friends, "You have got on a 'Goring suit' or a 'Daphne demi-toilette.'" Even in dressing her heroine Miss Braddon has done her duty, according to latter-day lights. Twenty years ago people would have shuddered at the thought of putting a fair girl into yellow; but, whatever may be her private opinions, Miss Braddon knows too well what is right to think of reserving yellow to the dark-haired, brown-skinned section of humanity. By the way, next time Miss Braddon wishes to drown a heroine, let her choose a less grotesque symptom of despair than this:—"Daphne had been without all appetite, even for her beloved rolls and honey."

#### PERUVIAN BARK.\*

THERE is more in this book than its title would lead us to think. It may fairly be divided into two distinct and separate parts. The first portion deals with the adventures of Mr. Markham and his colleagues on the slopes and ridges of the Andes, where they went to collect the seeds and plants of the chinchona tree in its native wilds. In the second we have a detailed narrative of the introduction of this febrifuge into British India, Ceylon, Jamaica, and Java and Mexico. There are, further, some chapters throwing light on the improvement and cultivation of the caoutchouc tree, on maize, and on cotton. And there is a catalogue of the literature of chinchona in which, in the midst of official reports and medical and botanical essays, we learn that there is a novel extant on the cure of the Countess of Chinchona, written by Mme. de Genlis, which, if "erroneous in every particular, as far as all the facts are concerned," yet shows how early this subject had attracted general attention. Nor must it be imagined that this "popular" account discards science or descends to the level of the mechanics' institute or the young lady's circulating library. It deals with medical analysis and horticultural details; it could only have been written by one who had studied botany and who possessed an aptitude for the acquisition of foreign languages; and while it avoids egotism and self-assertion, it can scarcely fail to enhance the reputation of the author both in his literary treatment of the subject and as a pioneer of cultivation in the recesses of dense forests deluged with tropical rains.

It is also worthy of note that, although the introduction of the chinchona tree into India had occupied the attention of the Government since 1839, nothing was really done until Lord Dalhousie himself took the matter in hand. People who dream vaguely of that statesman as occupied solely with the overthrow of effete dynasties and the annexation of rich and misgoverned kingdoms, may one day be astonished to learn the number of internal reforms which are due mainly to his prescience. Postal reform, the telegraph, the railway, and other solid measures were begun, and some were begun and finished, in consequence of his exhaustive Minutes. It was not, however, until 1860 that Mr. Markham, under Lord Halifax as Secretary of State, set to work in earnest. Nothing can be more commendable than the pains taken by the author to secure from the public a meed of approbation for his fellow-labourers. To pick the brains of clever subordinates or lieutenants; to appropriate the happy suggestions of colleagues or to look on men as mere inanimate tools; to take the credit of success yourself and to cast adroitly the blame of failure on others; has often been the resource of second-rate administrators, diplomatists, and commanders. Mr. Markham is determined that every one shall get the full credit of his own performances, and he laments pathetically the scantiness of the rewards doled out, or the ungracious refusals experienced at the hands of Government. In truth, everybody in these adventures underwent an enormous deal of physical discomfort, and was exposed to some real dangers. The vast tract productive of chinchona trees was partitioned out as follows. Mr. Markham himself selected the region of the *Calisaya* tree, which is found in Bolivia and in a part of Peru, and in this he was assisted by a gardener, John Weir. To Dr. Spruce, an eminent and practical botanist, were allotted the forests of Ecuador, famous for the species *Succirubra* or red bark.

\* *Peruvian Bark: a Popular Account of the Introduction of Chinchona Cultivation into British India.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S., 1860-1880. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1880.

This gentleman was aided by a gardener, Robert Cross, who, with the fervid energy and determination of a Scotchman, endured cold, wet, shipwreck, and fever without ever giving in or losing sight of his main object. Mr. Pritchett went to hunt for grey bark in the forests of Huanuco. And Mr. Leger, who has given his name to one species of the tree, laboured as an independent coadjutor in the forests of Bolivia. For a full account of the journeys performed and the expedients resorted to by these explorers we must refer readers to the book itself. Their experiences of jungle life correspond with those of Mr. Bigg-Wither and Mr. Smith in Brazil. The scenery was occasionally highly picturesque, and fatigue and hunger were forgotten at the sight of passes of surpassing grandeur and beauty. There were snowy peaks, stupendous waterfalls, and clear torrents breaking into masses of foam over huge boulders of granite. At times the route lay over grassy highlands called *pojanales*, dotted with clumps of trees like an English park or chase, while splendid mountain ranges formed the horizon. But these wide views were soon exchanged for a narrow path under enormous forest trees, that shut out the midday sun, and for sticky mud and haubooks that barred progress and needed the axe. While the thermometer never rose to 80°, the explorers were drenched with heavy showers, or chilled with incessant drizzle; the cold at night was trying; hoar frost sparkled on the grass in the morning; and the travellers had to put up with such shelter as was afforded by a rock, a small tent, or a shed never watertight from the first and now half-ruined. Then there were the inevitable plagues of the tropics, such as venomous insects, and especially a fly which raised "blood-red lumps all over the hands and face." At night they were kept awake by heavy storms of thunder and lightning, and we conclude either that the whole party was amply fortified by frequent doses of the very bark for which they had come, or else that Mr. Markham did not think it necessary to expatiate on the inroads made by fevers and agues. Provisions were not abundant, and had to be carried on the backs of native Indians, most of whom distinguished themselves by a fidelity, an endurance of hardship, and an intelligence which would have done credit to a Scotch Highlander. Mr. Markham lays great stress on the merits of the coca-leaf, which on such an expedition surpasses betel, tobacco, or any other stimulant. It grows on a shrub from four to six feet high, planted in dark clay specially prepared for the purpose; and, when rolled into a ball and chewed at the rate of two or three ounces a day, it enables the eater to support a great amount of fatigue, and prevents any difficulty of breathing at high elevations. Its smell is agreeable and aromatic; it cures headaches and rheumatism; and it has, of course, no affinity with cacao or cocoa. To add to these advantages, when used in moderation, it soothes and strengthens, and, unlike opium or alcohol, is not followed by an injurious reaction. It would have been well if Mr. Markham and his colleagues had encountered no obstacles but a treacherous climate and miry paths. On arriving at the region of chinchona they were dismayed by the results of reckless and indiscriminate usage. Some trees had been ruthlessly felled. Others had been stripped of all their bark and left standing. The slopes of hills had been cleared of every tree and shrub by annual fires. In fact, Peruvians and Bolivians had used the bounties of nature with more than the average prodigality of Asiatics; and the process of denudation was helped, instead of being hindered, by meddling and ridiculous legislation. To this improvident wastefulness was added an absurd prejudice against such harmless, or more truly such philanthropic, projects as those of the author. Fortunately Mr. Markham had provided himself with recommendations in high places procured through the Foreign Office. But when were passports and Presidential recommendations proof against the obstruction of municipal *Juntas* and the stupidity of pompous and bigoted Alcaldes? One of these noisy obstructionists was most appropriately named Bobadilla; and how Mr. Markham had to write, explain, and expostulate, and eventually to get to the port of embarkation by forced marches, carrying off his cuttings and his seeds in triumph, is all very happily and pointedly told.

Readers not hitherto versed in the literature of the chinchona tree might be puzzled with the elaborate catalogue compiled by scientific writers with both *stirpes* and *capita*. The products of the trees are further calculated to perplex. Besides the common term quinine, we are told of chinchonine, quinidine, chinchonidine, quinamine, quinoxa, and even a quinetum. About the exact difference between these substances, their qualities, solubility, and uses, the pages afford ample information. But, without going into a classification not yet finally settled, we may state that, for all essential purposes, the quinine region may be divided into five sections. Peru and Bolivia produce the *Calinaya*, with the yellow bark. Huanuco has grey bark of three sorts. The Loxa region, near Quito, gives the crown bark known as *officinalis*. The *Succirubra* or red bark, comes from the region of Lima; and the Columbian bark from Pitayo and Caqueta. The tree itself is tall and stately, with green leaves crossed by crimson veins and with clusters of flowers, roseate, crimson, or white; and it gives forth a delicious aromatic fragrance. When crowded together the trees shoot up to a great height, and have tufts at their summits but no lower branches.

It would have been highly disheartening if, after evading foolish *juntas*, senseless alcaldes, and red-faced Manuels, and risking life and health in the slopes of the Andes, the author had not been able to conclude his work with the announcement of its complete success. All dangers were not over when Callao or Panama was

reached. There was the journey to England across the Atlantic, the heat of the Red Sea, and the perils of the Indian Ocean. Every difficulty was, however, surmounted by careful packing of the seeds, and by enclosing the plants in what are termed Wardian cases, on the plan adopted by Mr. Fortune, who used them in 1849 for the conveyance of tea to India; and when the "horrors of the middle passage" had done no injury, there was need of much care and discrimination in the selection of sites as nurseries and plantations. The Neilgherries were fortunately chosen for the first experiment, as in point of height, moisture, and atmospheric peculiarities, they bear the closest resemblance to the birthplace of the tree. And at the head of the plantation there was the late Mr. M'Ivor, then or since the ablest arboriculturist in India. The experiment began in 1861, and it was soon perceived that the plants required moderate protection at first, and then plenty of light and air. Afterwards two plantations sprang up at Dodabetta and Nedivattam, and in a general way we may conclude that *Succirubra* flourishes better and yields a larger portion of alkaloids in India than the *Calisaya* or perhaps any other variety. *Officinalis* does well on the higher elevations; and the grey bark from the Huanuco forests has been growing in vigour and productiveness. At first every effort was directed to the judicious selection of sites, the distribution of seed and cuttings, and the propagation of the species beyond the possibility of extinction and failure. Private speculation came to aid public enterprise; and under Lord Canning's rules for the grant of waste lands to enterprising merchants, some fifty private gardens were laid out. So rapid was the progress that trees so planted began to yield seeds in 1866, and by 1870 the time came for reaping the harvest. One obvious way of treating the plants was coppicing, as is done with birch, hazel, and ash in our own woods. After eight years the young trees were cut and the stumps were left to send out new shoots. But Mr. M'Ivor hit on a plan of cutting the bark in ribbons from the standing tree, leaving intervals untouched, and covering the stripped portions with moss so as to exclude light and air. It was found that the bark was renewed, and alkaloids were secreted in the portions so treated. At the end of some months the bark left on the tree was removed, and the bare spaces were similarly covered with moss; and as the tree grows this alternate process appears likely to go on indefinitely. Other experiments were made in crossing one species with another, and there can be little doubt that, under skillful management, fresh experiments may result in wider and more lucrative results. It is shown already that trees have been barked three, four, and six times, and that each tree can be made to yield 3 lbs. of bark.

Success near Ootacamund has led to attempts on the Palnai and the Annamalli Hills in the Madras Presidency, where there are spots of different altitudes between 3,000 and 7,000 feet. A beginning has been made in the native State of Travancore, and in the hills of the Tinnevely district, and on the Shevaroyas in Salem. In the Wynnad, hitherto known as a successful field for coffee-planters, the chinchona-tree has been naturalized, and there seems no reason why it should not be introduced into Coorg. If the Malabeshwar Hills have been unsuitable owing to a climate which alternates between extreme dryness and excessive rainfall, a fair start has been made at a place called Rungbi, some twelve miles from the hill-station of Darjeeling; and, not content with benefiting British India, Mr. Markham has furthered the acclimatization of chinchona in Ceylon and in the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. Foreign countries have been invited to form chinchona plantations. In spite of revolution and bloodshed, the *Succirubra* and the *Officinalis* have taken root in Mexico; and, in spite of mistakes, there are now more than a million and a half of plants in the Dutch dependency of Java. In short, the success of an experiment begun just twenty years ago, is now placed beyond doubt, mischance, or cavil.

The importance of an adequate supply of this valuable medicine always at hand, independent of interruption from wars, revolution, and short-sighted legislation in South America, cannot be overestimated. Many an English magistrate and English soldier has owed his life to quinine. In Bengal it is familiar to the natives as *quinyan*, and we have rarely found the smallest objection made to it on the score of caste when dispensed by English hands. A plentiful supply of the unadulterated article might be the means of checking, in some measure, the ravages of the epidemic now known as the Burdwan fever. To Englishmen sent to punish Looshais or Nagas on the Eastern frontier, and to sportsmen or explorers as a prophylactic, quinine is as essential a part of their equipment as a waterproof coverlet or a single-poled tent. Whether quinine will ever be manufactured on such an extensive and profitable scale as to take the place of opium in China may fairly be doubted. But the very last report from India shows that the plantations of Government are thriving; that a large distribution of plants to the public is still going on; that the crop raised in the Neilgherries alone was 114,000 lbs., some of which was exported to England; and that, after due provision for establishments, collection, buildings, roads, and repairs, there was a clear net profit on the transaction of some 32,000l. We cannot follow Mr. Markham into his ingenious suggestions for the cultivation of the *Ficus elastica* which produces indiarubber, or for the improvement of Indian cotton by a supply from Peru; nor can we speculate whether sugar could be extracted from stalks of maize. The author may rest assured that his name will ever be honourably associated with the acclimatization in India of one of the most invaluable medicines ever dispensed to a fever-stricken popu-



lation, whether by civil surgeons and inspectors of the regular medical service, or by civil magistrates, compelled by the exigencies of their position to appear before the native community in the part of *Le Médecin malgré lui*.

#### LLOYD'S NORTH AFRICAN CHURCH.\*

THE great Church of the Carthaginian Primacy is a noble subject for the ecclesiastical historian. There is a dramatic completeness in its story. It gave early promise of a magnificently productive and influential life, and its end was singularly tragic; while it brought in turn upon the scene three epoch-making *dramatis personæ* in the three characteristic Latin Africans, Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine. Through them the Church of pro-consular Africa has permanently affected all Western Christendom, Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, sects as well as churches, the New World as well as the Old World. The African Tertullian Latinized the theological and ecclesiastical language of the West. In all controversies on the constitution of the Church, Westerns have appealed to the African Cyprian. No one has contributed so much to Western theology as the African Augustine. "Africa, not Rome," as Dean Milman has aptly said, "gave birth to Latin Christianity."

Mr. Lloyd is very far indeed from being an original pioneer or a road-maker. But he can claim the honourable distinction of being the first Englishman who has attempted to write the history of the Church of North-Western Africa as an organic whole, from the earliest glimpses of it in the writings of Tertullian until its extinction by the Saracen invaders. His guides are not always the very best or most expert; he seems to have made the acquaintance of only one amongst the recognized specialists; but those upon whom he has relied are usually good and fairly safe; the chief of them are either English, like Gibbon and Canon Robertson, or else have become English-speaking, like the three great North African Fathers and the Church historians Fleury and Neander, by the intermediation of translators. He has taken laudable pains with the secular topography of his subject, not omitting to use recent sources, both solid and light, such as Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Carthage and the Carthaginians*, and Miss Séguin's chatty book about Algiers. His ecclesiastical topography is very loose and thin, at which we are the more surprised because the only specialist writer whom he has used, the Jesuit Stefano Antonio Morcelli, is here specially diffuse, and has placed at the end of his last volume three large maps of the distribution of the episcopal sees in the various provinces. The fact that Morcelli was a Jesuit, and dedicated his *Africana Christiana* to a Pope, naturally suggests the presumption that he is likely to be an unsafe guide on one of the critical points in the history of the Church of Carthage—its relations with the Church of Rome during the primacy of Cyprian and the primacy of Aurelius. Michael Leydekker, Professor of Theology at Utrecht, in his *Historia Ecclesie Africane Illustrata*, published at Utrecht in 1690, deals largely with this point amongst others. His huge book, indeed, is not a history, but a wearisome mass of dissertations about various matters connected with the Church of Carthage. In 1622 M. A. Capellus published a special dissertation, *De Appellationibus Ecclesie Africane ad Romanam sedem*, which was republished in Rome a century later. The matter has been handled more recently by Dr. Reinkens, the German Old Catholic Bishop. Mr. Lloyd does not seem to know either of these writers, nor does he cite Morcelli in his account of the relations between Stephen of Rome and Cyprian, and between Zosimus of Rome and Aurelius. In the latter case he contents himself wholly with Fleury and Robertson. We often wish that he had stuck more closely to Morcelli; it might have given greater clearness to his book. Morcelli was no historian in the modern conception of the word; he was a hard and dry annalist, after the fashion of the mediæval chroniclers, and he has thus put together an admirable framework for the modern historian to work upon. The mere conspectus of the annals of the African Church, from A.D. 197 to A.D. 670, which he has prefixed to his first volume, occupies sixty folio columns. The whole remainder of Morcelli's first volume is taken up with a catalogue of the North African sees and lists of the succession in each see where it can be traced, together with a short biography of every bishop of whom any notice is extant. Mr. Lloyd has not even compiled a list of the known Bishops of Carthage. We find no mention of Agrippinus until we reach the age of Cyprian, and then the reference is only accidental. Whether Optatus, who is mentioned as bishop in the Acts of the Passion of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas, or, as Seitz thinks, Agrippinus first held the Carthaginian see, Mr. Lloyd does not attempt to decide. "A Synod at Carthage, under Agrippinus, who was bishop at the end of the second century," says Mr. Lloyd, in his account of St. Cyprian, "had ruled in favour of re-baptism," and he places at the foot of the page the very loose reference "Morcelli, i." St. Cyprian himself referred to this Council in his Epistles. St. Augustine blamed the ruling of this Council, and he and Vincent of Lerins both say that Bishop Agrippinus was the first to introduce the usage of second baptism. The exact date of the important Council which Mr. Lloyd describes indefinitely as "a Synod" has been a matter of controversy until our own day. It was attended, as St. Cyprian told Quintus, a bishop of Mauritania, by the prelates "who governed

the Church of the Lord in Africa and Numidia." Wiltch calls the first Council of all (in Africa) "the African Council," and places it in 215 or 217. Bishop Hefele thinks that it was probably "the most ancient synod of Latin Africa." He observes that the date cannot be exactly verified, but that it took place "under the reign of Pope Callistus I."—that is to say, between 218 and 222. Morcelli, Mr. Lloyd's authority, places it in 179. Dr. Dollinger has clearly proved from one of the charges brought by Hippolytus against Callistus that the Synod must have been held before the death of the latter.

Mr. Lloyd is usually vague, insecure, and generalizing when he writes of the famous North African Synods. "A Council was held at Hippo in A.D. 393," he says, "under the presidency of Aurelius, Bishop of Carthage, who summoned the Council by Augustine's advice. This was the first of a series of plenary Councils, as they were called, comprising the whole province of Africa in its largest sense. No less than eighteen such Councils were held between the years 393 and 419, in which hardly any point of doctrine or discipline was left untouched." If he had traced the history and work of these African synods, which began nearly a century and a half earlier than 393, or if he had made the succession of the Bishops of Carthage the backbone of his history, the book need have been no longer than it is, but it would have left a more definite and uniform impression upon the readers for whom it is intended. It is a marvel that Mr. Lloyd should have, as he evidently has, some perception of the importance of these Councils, and yet should never have troubled himself to look at Hefele's *Concilien-geschichte*, especially as the two volumes necessary for his purpose have been translated into English. His subject is "the Church" of North Africa. But of the actual concrete Church—the organized congregations of living men and women, who chose the bishops who sat in these Councils, to whom Tertullian ministered, over whom Cyprian and Augustine presided—we get from him next to no glimpse at all. We find, of course, summary biographies of Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine; but the life of each is an oft-told story, for the three belong even more conspicuously to universal Church history, and to every section of that history—to the history of dogma, of schism, of heresy, of ecclesiastical constitution—than to the history of their own local church. Mr. Lloyd tells us that Tertullian, in his *Apology*, "has set before us a vivid picture of the Christian society in Africa," and he quotes plentifully from Tertullian and from St. Cyprian's letters; but he seems too often to approach each of these sources secondhand, through the mediation of Blunt *On the Right Use of the Early Fathers*. From the canons of the African Councils he might have derived a rich mass of information about the life, character, and habits of the clergy and laity of the North African congregations; and he might have found some aid from the chapter headed "Mores Christianorum" in the *Primordia Ecclesie Africane* of the late erudite Bishop of Zealand, Friedrich Christian Karl Heinrich Münter, the author of the *Religion der Karthager*, who was an expert and specialist upon Punic archaeology, both before and after the Christianization of Latin North Africa. The canons, like the letters of Cyprian, bear incidental witness to the originally democratic constitution of the Carthaginian Church; and its historian might have shown its development into an aristocracy, and finally into a limited monarchy, and how it was that the Independent, the Presbyterian, and Episcopalian of the seventeenth century each imagined that his own ideal constitution of the visible Church had been more or less reached by the Christian congregations of North Africa. The great Synod of Hippo in 393, to which Mr. Lloyd refers—the "Plenarium totius Africe Concilium," as it is called by St. Augustine, who was present at the Council—ruled that no one might be ordained unless he had passed the probation or obtained the testimony of the people, a provision which has been gradually attenuated into our modern *ei quis*. Even this canon of Aurelius marked a declension from the earlier and fuller statement of the democratic basis of ecclesiastical authority by Cyprian and his fellows in their common letter to the clergy and people of the Churches of Legio, Asturia, and Emerita in Spain. "Plebs ipsa maxime," they said, "habet potestatem vel eligendi dignos sacerdotes, vel indignos recusandi." The student of English history will recollect what a use was made of the precedent of the Church of Carthage and the letters of Cyprian by Marshall, Calamy, and the other Presbyterian authors of the famous "Smectymnus" in their attack upon Archbishop Laud and the Anglican episcopate; while the admiring biographer of their great enemy published his Life of Laud under the title of *Cyprianus Anglicus*. The Puritans were able to cite the authority of the great Council of Hippo in their attacks upon the English drama, one of its canons coupling together, just as they did, "actors and apostates." The traces of the abiding influence of the Church of the Carthaginian primacy upon Western Christendom—Protestant, Anglican, and Roman alike—are innumerable. A chapter indicating some of the signs that this wonderful Church, though dead, yet speaketh, would have formed an instructive and interesting appendix to Mr. Lloyd's book.

Mr. Lloyd often cites Neander, and it is not improbable that his subject and title were suggested by the frequent reference of the German historian to the "Nordafrikanische Kirche" as a distinct ecclesiastical organism. Neander applies the term exclusively, and Mr. Lloyd follows him in applying it exclusively, to the Church of Latin North Africa. Often, like Bishop Münter, Morcelli, Leydekker, P. A. Sanchez, and M. A. Capellus, he strikes out the qualification "North" and calls it simply the "African Church." Doubtless there was just reason for this nomenclature during the

\* *The Home Library.—The North African Church.* By Julius Lloyd, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

lifetime of Tertullian and Augustine, and during the session of the great African Councils, although bishops sat in the latter whose sees were outside the province to which the name of Africa was then technically limited. But our modern extension of the name to the entire continent is sure to be uppermost in the minds of the readers of the "Home Library." When the late Dr. Burton of Oxford spoke in his lectures of "the African Church," he meant the Church of North-Eastern Africa, the Church of the Evangelist St. Mark, the Church of Clement of Alexandria and Origen. When Mr. Lloyd uses the same term, he expressly restricts it to the Church of Tertullian and Cyprian, and excludes from it the Church of Clement and Athanasius. Hence the general reader, for whose use alone a popular sketch like Mr. Lloyd's can be intended, may miss the important fact in the evolution of Christendom that the two most wonderful and productive of all the primitive Churches were both located in what he now knows as Africa. The careful Emanuel a Schelstrate, canon and cantor of Antwerp Cathedral, who crossed swords with our own Stillingfleet, gave to his useful dissertations upon the origin, doctrine, rites, synods, and history of this Church the more exact title *Ecclesia Africana sub Primate Carthaginiensi*. As Bishop Hefele has indicated, in his article on the African Church in the *Kirchenlexicon* of Wetzer and Welte, the title is the common property of two Churches, if not of three—the Greek-speaking Church of Egypt and Cyrenaica, the Alexandrian patriarchate; the Latin-speaking Church of Proconsular Africa, Numidia, and Mauritania; and, thirdly, the Abyssinian or Ethiopian Church. The Negus Johannes of Abyssinia, or Ethiopia as he prefers to call it, has lately boasted that his own community is the only African Church which has held fast its Christian faith century after century against the successive onslaughts of heathenism and Mohammedanism. One unhappy characteristic was common to both the great divisions of North African Christendom—to the Western Church of Carthage and the Eastern Church of Alexandria. Neither of these magnificent and powerful Churches, so rich in the genius of their teachers and rulers, was ever really a national Church. The Church of Tertullian and St. Augustine was Latin, and not Punic; the Church of Origen and St. Athanasius was Greek, and not Egyptian. Both lands, before they became Christian, as Mr. Maurice has observed, had received a civilization and culture which were foreign to them, and not only foreign, but unnatural. The marvellous triumph of the Mohammedan invasion along the whole of North Africa, from east to west, may perhaps be held to justify the same thinker's conclusion that "the Church had not struck its roots deeply into one land or into the other, that it had not taken hold of those who were the proper inhabitants of the soil, that in the one country it was too purely Greek, in the other far too exclusively Latin." The Abyssinian monarch showed that he possessed some historical consciousness, as well as patriotism, when he told the Catholic and Protestant missionaries a few weeks ago, that he did not want either of them, because the Ethiopians were already Christians, and had held fast their faith under a strain which had destroyed that of more prosperous and civilized peoples.

Mr. Lloyd only once ventures to criticize Neander. The latter agrees with Wiltch, with Seitz (the author of the excellent article "Nordafrikanische Kirche" in Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, which Mr. Lloyd has evidently not seen), with Bishop Münster, and with almost all modern Protestant scholars, in holding the probability of the Roman origin of the African Latin Church. "There is no sure ground for Neander's conjecture," says Mr. Lloyd, and thereupon he jerks out a new conjecture of his own. The most Latin of all Churches may have had an Eastern origin, as he fancies, because, "in facilities of intercourse with the Holy Land, Carthage was not inferior to Rome." If Carthage had obtained her Christianity from the East, it would have come by way of Egypt, through Cyrenaica rather than from the Holy Land. But Hefele, though he regards St. Mark as the Apostle of Cyrenaica as well as of Egypt, does not imagine that he passed further west into Latin Africa. Mr. Lloyd should have remembered Dean Milman's suggestion that an ecclesiastical intercourse between Rome and Carthage was to be expected from their busy commercial intercourse, which, "on account of the corn-trade alone, was probably more regular and rapid than in any other part of the Empire."

"The African Church," says Mr. Lloyd, "reached the culminating point of its history at the Great Council of Carthage in A.D. 418." It would be more true to say that the contemporary events of the Vandal invasion and the death of St. Augustine during the Vandal siege of Hippo, in A.D. 430, mark the political and biographical turning-point in the life of the Church of Latin North Africa. Mr. Lloyd's chapters on the "Vandal Invasion" and "Vandal Persecutions" show that he did not make a very wide literary search before sitting down to compile them. If the Catholics were persecuted after the Vandal conquest, they had persecuted the Donatists before the invasion, and the latter made common cause with the invaders. Here Mr. Lloyd might have profitably used Papencordt's *Geschichte der Vandalischen Herrschaft in Afrika*; but his references in these chapters are solely to Gibbon, Bingham, M. de Sainte-Marie's *La Tunisie Chrétienne*, Fleury, Cardinal Newman's notes on a portion of Fleury, and thrice to Morelli. Even Salvian's well-known description of the terrible immorality of the clergy and laity of the Carthaginian Church is cursorily cited second-hand from Fleury, and as Fleury omits its most characteristic point, Mr. Lloyd follows him in the omission. Salvian probably exaggerated when he said that it was scarcely possible, after the strictest search,

to find one chaste person in the Carthaginian Church. But such an assertion is of no slight significance for the historian of that Church, when he brings it into connexion with the fact that the North African bishops, after long struggles, had only just succeeded in imposing celibacy upon four orders of the clergy. At the Council of Carthage, in A.D. 401, less than forty years before the Vandal conquest of the city, a canon was passed prohibiting bishops, presbyters, deacons, and subdeacons, from intercourse with their wives, on pain of deposition, adding that the clergy of the other orders were not to be forced to such continence—*nisi maturiori ætate*. The canon was proposed by the renowned Bishop Aurelius. Hefele cites it as Number 4, and omits its inclusion of subdeacons; but it occurs in the *Codex Canonum Ecclesie Africane* as Number 3, and subjoined as a reason "qui sacra mysteria tractant." The Jesuit annalist Morelli characteristically traces the catastrophe of the drama of this African Church, "Afrorum exitus luctuosus," to the laxity of the bishops of Africa and Libya, who violated the canons by continuing to live with their own wives. Schelstrate takes the same view. As Shakespeare marches the vigorous young Fortinbras across the stage in the last scene of *Hamlet*, to console the audience as far as possible for the death of the protagonist, so Morelli closes the annals of the dead Church of St. Augustine of Hippo by calling attention to the prosperity of the new Church of St. Augustine of Canterbury. The "Britanni" appear to console the Catholic Church for the loss of the "Afri."

#### EASTERN TOURS.\*

WHEN the pilgrims of the middle ages after long absence and great hardships returned from the Holy Land they occasionally gave to the world an account of what they saw, and very precious their modest little discourses are, although sometimes wanting in detail; as, for instance, when the description of Jerusalem is confined to such a sentence as "We here kissed the tree from which the Holy Cross was made, and beheld the stone on which sat the cock who crowed thrice before St. Peter." But, meagre as they are, they incidentally give us valuable information as to distances, the existence of ancient names attaching to certain sites, the appearance of ruins that have since been swept away, and above all they are almost our only sources for such topographical information of the time. The modern pilgrim is a totally different being; he is actuated, no doubt, by a longing to set eyes on the scenes so familiar to him by name, but yet so far off and so intangible; a desire to discover for himself that Jerusalem does really exist, and that the Mount of Olives does not belong to the region whose chronicles are always dated "once upon a time." He may even be stirred by deep and serious motives more akin to those of his mediæval prototype, motives which are far too sacred to be lightly spoken of. But let the reasons that induce him to visit the Holy Land be what they may, one heavy sense of duty oppresses him, making himself anxious and wretched at the time and others afterward inexpressibly sad—he must write a book. In other lands he can lazily admire the freshness and novelty of the life he sees around him, can revel in the beauties of nature and the picturesque. Not so in Palestine. Note-book in hand, he must, like a broker's man, make an inventory of all he sees; he must keep his ears ever on the alert, lest he miss some Scripture name; and he must carefully record the impression made upon him by the first view of each sacred spot. What does it matter to him if the guide-book which he holds in his hand contains the same information, and a vast deal more, much better told? It is not only his duty, but his proud privilege, to check it off and pronounce the guide-book right. What if Brown, in his "Holiday on Holy Hills," or Jones, in his "Se'nnight in Sinai," or Robinson, in his "Saunterings on Sacred Shores," wept the same tears and sang the same hymn as the Haram Area came in sight from Olivet! the public—the public at the local Sunday School or Penny Reading-room—will demand of him an account, and will not abate him one tear-drop or one line of Keble's *Christian Year*. Thus it is that season after season the book-market is flooded with so-called books of Eastern travel, nine-tenths of which are of no real or permanent interest whatever. It is a pity that we cannot have, in a cheap and uniform handy series, all the really useful books on the subject—Stanley, Robinson, Sepp, and others—and "Boycott" authors of the mere tourist class, who add nothing to our knowledge, and seldom even serve to while away an hour with their entertaining style. The first two at least of the books mentioned below belong to this class. Mrs. Sumner's work is a fairly readable account of an ordinary three months' excursion to Egypt and Palestine, begins in the orthodox way with a description of the start from Charing Cross Station, and ends, as is most fit, with a recommendation of the dragoman employed by the party. More than this we cannot say for it. Mr. Weld's book is like the last-mentioned, "only more so"; the heading of chapter ix. will give an exact indication of the style and contents—"Jerusalem and Olivet, The Longing of My Life Fulfilled, a Striking

\* *Our Holiday in the East*. By Mrs. George Sumner. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1881.

*Sacred Palm Lands*. By A. G. Weld. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1881.

*The New Playground; or, Wanderings in Algeria*. By A. A. Knox. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1881.



View, The Wailing Place, &c. &c."; it is guide-book seasoned with sentiment throughout; but has the advantage of being in a less pretentious and more convenient form, as well as of having been carefully compared throughout with the recognized authorities on Palestine topography. One phase of the modern Pilgrim's character which we omitted to mention just now is well exemplified in these pages—namely, the curious moral transformation which he too often undergoes while upon his travels; read, for instance, the following:—

We next drove along the Mahmûdiyeh Canal, to the garden of one of the late Viceroy's daughters. On our way we expressed a wish for some pods of the Lebbek-tree (*Albizia Lebbek* of the West Indies), which is extensively planted along the roadside; so down jumped our tall, lithe dragoman Hammard, and kicking off his slippers, climbed up the tree in the twinkling of an eye; then tearing down a branch laden with pods, he presented it to us. At the Princess's garden (which was gay with the *Poinsettia pulcherrima*), he was equally free in gathering "hashish" and various plants; and in rooting up a geranium out of one of a row of flower-vases, he broke the vase in two, for which accident he was so far from being sorry that he only swore at the people in charge for its having been so rickety on its base.

We wonder what would be thought of a party of foreign travellers in this country who permitted their servant to act in such a manner in a lady's garden? No wonder that the English are so respected in the East.

Mr. Knox's *The New Playground; or, Wanderings in Algeria*, treats of a less hacknied subject, and, as the author really went in pursuit of health and pleasure, and has occasionally something new to tell us, we must premise that we do not by any means include him in the category of our Modern Pilgrims; indeed, his book forms a most pleasant contrast to those we have described. On the contrary, there is a freshness and unconventional *naïveté* about his style which is absolutely charming, and while he scorns to present his readers with ill-disguised extracts from Murray, he gives them just the amount of useful information which an intending visitor to the country would require. The author declares emphatically that he did not come out in quest of adventures, and, as he remarks, "If I heard that a lion or panther had arrived at Algiers, and was in the habit of taking his usual 'walking exercise' on the 'slopes' of Mustapha Supérieur (where we are now residing), I should instantly gratify a liberal curiosity as to the site of Carthage, which has the advantage of being some way off." His only object was health and quiet, and Algiers certainly would appear to offer greater facilities in these respects than most places on the Mediterranean shores for elderly people and invalids; for there, at least, warm hours in the open air are always to be had. Nor is the distance from London at all deterrent; for Algiers may be reached in three or four days, allowing plenty of time for rest upon the way, and the worst that can be anticipated on the sea passage is a sharp encounter with the mistral. Mr. Knox's account of his own experience of this wind is well worth reading, and the scene and sensations must be painfully familiar to many of our readers. After expressing his apprehensions when he found that it was blowing so furious a gale at Marseilles, and his satisfaction at the smooth way in which they glided through the water as they left the harbour, he says:—

At this moment the *Said* took a five-barred gate—in fact, there may have been six bars—and then playfully threw herself on one side. . . . our berths were across ship (I do not know if that be the nautical term. "athwart" sounds more in the style of the late Captain Marryat), and all I know is that for about twelve hours we were at one moment standing on our heads and were then replaced upon our heels; but oh, the awful moment between the two processes. . . . There was a sound of crockery and of people running. Alas! that was no banquet, no scene of genial hospitality for which they were making preparation. . . . for the rest of the night I remember nothing but the wails of exhausted men and women, who had lost the power of groaning; the long-drawn swish of the seas which we had shipped along the deck; the absurd jingle of the bell above, as the poor ignorant sailors made it out to be two bells or six bells, or as it might happen. What have bells got to do with it? Say it is a hundred bells at once and have done with it, if you can't tell us what o'clock it is in a rational way.

At length he arrived in port and made his first acquaintance with Algerine pirates. In his agitation he had forgotten the Mohammedan profession of faith in Arabic, which he had carefully studied with a view to conciliating the Moslem should he get into trouble—not that he wished to hold out any hope of his immediate conversion, but, as he says, "I should have liked to feel that I was open to fair argument on the subject of Mecca, if they would only leave the umbrellas alone."

One chapter is devoted to the question of Algerine piracy, but not exactly to the wholesale kidnapping of Christians, the permission of which was for centuries the disgrace of civilized Europe. Mr. Knox deals only with the phase of it which he himself met with—to wit, the marauders who lurk about and endeavour to sell a villa to the unwary traveller. We must take it as a sound principle to begin with, that every man against whom you may brush shoulders in Algiers wishes to let you or sell you a villa. The tricks, traps, and dangers of this nefarious traffic are well exposed, and if after reading "The New Playground," a visitor to French Africa finds himself the occupant at an exorbitant rent or price of an unwholesome and ill-drained tenement, it is his own fault.

During his stay in Algiers a rather serious fire occurred, burning down the theatre, and threatening the Government-house and neighbouring buildings. An alarm was raised that this was the work of native incendiaries, that a plot was on foot to burn down the town, and at one time the public uneasiness nearly attained the dimensions of a panic; but "the nonsense subsided as it rose.

There was a fire; there had been loss of life; but there was no native conspiracy to burn down the town, and get rid of the French. Enough had been done to gratify the hotel-keepers on the Riviera, but we could not go further." The last sentence is an amusing illustration of the natural tendency one has to identify oneself with the cause of the place at which one may happen to be staying, and to take a lively interest in the local rivalry with a neighbouring town. Like Charles Lamb, Mr. Knox sometimes chafed under the undisturbed leisure which he enjoyed and occasionally yearned after the old routine of his magisterial duties. The native police court accordingly had great attractions for him, and although he did not understand a word of the language, he found it of great interest to compare its proceedings with those of the London tribunal over which he himself had so long and honourably presided. He quotes a supposed verbatim report of a typical case before the Cadi, from the work of Captain Richard, formerly *chef du Bureau Arabe* at Orléansville, which gives a very just, though facetious, account of Arab summary legal procedure. The book does not pretend to give us much of the history of the country about which it treats, but what we are told is very well worth perusal. The sketches of the origin and vicissitudes of the Kabyles, or Berber "confederations," from the earliest times until their final subjection by the French, is lucid and concise. It is a pity, however, that the author has not resisted the too common temptation to talk in one or two places about what he knows nothing of. To say, for instance, that the tattoo marks on women's faces are forbidden in the Koran, and are there called *ketebe et chytan*, or "devil's writing," is simple nonsense. Again, it is very odd to find the legend of the conquest of Gog and Magog (probably the Turkomans) by Alexander the Great, which is embodied in a somewhat legendary form in Chapter xviii. of the Koran, told as a local legend of the Last Day. It is worth while comparing the two accounts:—

MOHAMMED.

They said, "O Dhu l Kurnain! verily Gog and Magog (Yâjûj and Mâjûj) are doing evil in the land. Shall we pay thee tribute on condition that thou set between us and them a rampart?" He said, "What my Lord has established me in is better; so help me with your strength, and I will set between you and them a barrier. Bring me pigs of iron until they fill up the space between the mountain sides." Said he, "Blow it until it makes a fire." Said he, "Bring me that I may pour over it molten brass." So they could not scale it and they could not tunnel it. . . . And we left some of them to surge on that day over others, and the trumpet shall be blown and we will gather them together.

But perhaps General Daumas's book, from which our author borrows, is to be blamed for these and similar slips. Of the Kabyles themselves Mr. Knox seems to entertain a high opinion, and considers them far superior to the Arabs, both physically and intellectually. We prefer to pass over his account of the atrocities attributed to the French in their campaign against this people in 1846, and in the insurrection of 1850-51. A conflict with a fierce and semi-barbarous people always produces a greater crop of horrors than even the wholesale massacres of modern civilized warfare, and reprisals often take a form that reads unpleasant in a despatch. We can only hope that the memory of former cruelties may soon die out, and that Algeria may continue to prosper, as she no doubt has done hitherto, beneath French rule.

There are so many little bits of genuine humour in the author's comments on what he saw, that we should like to quote them all, and offer them as "Orient pearls at random strung" to the reader, but this would not be fair to the work itself. The following specimen is quite true to nature:—

He was dark even for an Arab, and came from some place in the desert beyond Tuggurt. He had been saving up money in order to get married, and his bride was waiting for him at some hot place in the sand. The wedding must needs be a hurried one, for he would have to get back quick to Biskra to resume his work. I suppose the usual Arab idea of a honeymoon would be to spend a few happy, happy days with the bride, give her a good beating with a stick, lock her up, and hand the key to a female relative advanced in years, who would redeliver the young lady to you in fair condition on your return.

The book is one rather of pleasant chat than of statistics, or even of ordinary travelling incidents; and it is quite refreshing, amid the depressing influences of the winter we are passing through, to follow the genial author in his rambles through a land of calm and sunshine.

#### TWO MINOR NOVELS.\*

THE first of these two novels is nothing but an overgrown tract. It has been written with a highly moral object, and may be looked upon as a kind of young ladies' supplement to Murray's Handbook to Gibraltar. The natives of that town, we

\* *The Life of a Rock Scorpion*. By Flora Calpensis, Author of "Reminiscences of Gibraltar," "Holiday Amusements," &c. London: Charing Cross Publishing Company.

*Dorothy Compton: a Story of the '15*. By J. R. Henslowe. London: Kerby and Endean. 1880.

learn, are known by the name of the "Rock Scorpions"; and in the *Life of a Rock Scorpion* are clearly set forth the dangers to which fascinating and highly respectable young females will find themselves exposed from the officers of the garrison. But forewarned is forearmed. Let those who intend to settle there, before they leave Southampton, provide themselves with a copy of this virtuous story, and study it in the intervals of sea-sickness. If they do so, they will derive from it this additional gain. They will find it such uncommonly dull reading, that they will readily admit that, after all, sea-sickness is not the greatest ill in life. It may be bad, very bad, but there are stories which cause even greater misery. Nevertheless, we trust that they will look upon the careful perusal of this tale as a solemn duty, and will persevere in it to the end. For, to quote the author's own words, it has been "written with a view to warning young ladies who are about to take up a residence with their families on the Rock of the many dangerous companions they may be thrown amongst, should they trust too much to their own sagacity in choosing their acquaintances, refusing to listen, as Eva did, to the wise counsels of a mother." What they are to do if they do not happen to have any mother at all, we are nowhere told. In that case we presume that it would be always found that they had a virtuous godmother, or a widow aunt in reduced circumstances but most piously disposed. Even, however, if they have neither one nor the other, still they have only to follow the excellent precepts which are scattered with a liberal hand through the pages of this work, in order each to secure perfect propriety of conduct, and in the end a virtuous clergyman for a husband. The author is not merely content with leading her heroine to the very brink of destruction, and making the wicked hero shoot himself dead, but she takes care besides always to point her moral that the most careless cannot fail to find it. We come, for instance, across such passages as the following:—"Here, at the closing of this chapter, the author entreates the young 'débutantes on this world's stage' (to whom this little work is especially dedicated) to lay the lessons it contains to heart." She adds force to her entreaties by laying down principles of morality which, if not altogether new, are at least true. "To deceive," she tells her young friends, "is reprehensible in the extreme." In the sufferings that the heroine brought upon herself by the neglect of this sound rule of conduct, a striking warning is offered. To her fortunes, then, we will at once turn.

When the story opens, Eveline Osborn is, indeed, in a very sad state of mind. She was young and beautiful, no doubt; but what do youth and beauty avail when the possessor of them reproaches the best of papas and mammas with their "everlasting lectures"? She had hitherto been known by the endearing name of Rosebud; but she turns round on her mother, Lady Osborn, and says, "For goodness sake, do leave off this absurd cognomen, and call me 'Eva,' if you must curtail my name." Her fond parent begins by replying, "You used to be all gentleness to your invalid mother, while yet your joyous spirit kept us all alive." The heroine's conduct after a couple of pages of good talk became so outrageous that "she flung herself out of the room, banging the door after her, thereby terribly shaking Lady Osborn's weak nerves." We could almost wish that here, too, as well as in other places, the author had paused to point the moral. "Lay this lesson to heart," she might have said, addressing her dear young friends, "that bang doors is in itself reprehensible in the extreme, even though the weak nerves of a mother are not thereby terribly shaken." Before long a wicked Captain comes upon the scene, who, we regret to say, was the eldest son of a nobleman. He makes love to Eva, and makes it on the sly. In this evil course he is countenanced by the family of the Beaumonts, who pretend to be as fashionable as they are really abandoned. But let us be comforted; for "severe," says our author in her moral preface, "will be their future punishment, we may be sure." It is not for want of warnings that Eva listens to him. She has a virtuous sister, who was engaged to a wealthy and virtuous Colonel, "who gave her much good advice, but it was lost on the thoughtless girl." The wife of a highly respectable baronet, herself the mother of a large family of children, raises also her warning voice. But Eva flirts away with her Captain, till one evening at a dance he presses her to consent to a secret engagement, "as he said his father, Lord Lansdown, was against his marrying until he was twenty-six years of age." Happily, at that moment a female voice, seemingly from amongst the drapery, was heard crying out in tones of the deepest feeling, and with a foreign accent, "Eveline, beware. Heed him not." The heroine almost faints. The wicked Captain gnashes his teeth and shakes his fist in the direction whence came the sound, exclaiming, "Had I not this angel on my arm, I would tear down every stitch of this infernal bunting, and search out this voice." He had—as was only natural in the depraved heir to a peerage—drunk too much champagne, and he makes a great deal of noise. He places Eva in an armchair, and rushes in pursuit of the voice. Her knees knock together, and her teeth chatter, she becomes icy cold, and, at last, with some return of a sense of propriety, she cries out, "Oh, where is dear papa?" The old gentleman had, meanwhile, unfortunately fallen asleep in the midst of the gaiety. As his hair was silky silver, and as he was wearing his "star and ribbon of knighthood and his medals, &c.," no doubt he presented a very venerable appearance. When he was roused and learnt what had happened, he did not allow the weakness of a parent to make him forget the duty of a father. "Your conduct," he said to his giddy daughter, "has been most reprehensible; since I fell

asleep yonder, our friends are all scandalized." Of course he at once took her home, and, we fear, thereby lost his supper. Her brother remained behind biting his nails and knitting his brows. Under ordinary circumstances such conduct at an evening party would also be most reprehensible: but, considering the provocation which he had received from the villain of the story, it was more than excusable. "Confound the fellow!" he exclaimed, in a loud whisper, stamping his foot. The chapter thereupon closes, but it is plain to every one that he means to challenge the guilty Captain to a duel.

For a time, however, a little harmony is restored; but when the Captain "had the 'hardiesse' to call on the Osborns, he was very properly informed that Lady and Miss Osborn were indisposed and could see no one, and that the others were out riding." The speaker of the mysterious voice at last makes herself known, and declares that she is the Captain's wife. When he heard of this, "a black and dreadful look came over his usually handsome face," and he resolved to kill her. Why he does not do so we have failed to make out. However, he will not give up the heroine, but writes to propose that she shall run away with him. By this time a severe illness had brought this lovely, but misguided, creature to a very proper state of mind, and she sends him a letter, not unworthy in its high moral tone of the author of the book. "I beg to say," she begins, "I have received your singularly insulting and objectionable note, sent, too, clandestinely I perceive." She ends by exhorting him to repent. So far is he from listening to her that he at once runs away with one of the wicked Beaumonts, and before long goes mad and blows his head to atoms. "Thus ended," the moralist observes, "the career of a man who had been all his life the victim of his own bad and uncontrolled passions." Very different are the fortunes of the Osborns. A few lines further down on the very page on which we read of this suicide, we are told that the virtuous Maud married her no less virtuous Colonel. In the next paragraph, with much satisfaction, we read that "Eveline, who had now become quite as good and quiet as her sister, was engaged ere long to a clergyman residing near their house." That she had become quiet mattered unfortunately but very little to Lady Osborn, for that exemplary lady shortly afterwards died. She might have been allowed the satisfaction, we think, of living to see that her beloved daughter did not have a relapse in her morals; but, on the contrary, always closed the door so carefully that even the weakest of nerves could not have been shaken.

In passing from the *Life of a Rock Scorpion* to *Dorothy Compton* we rise—fall, may be, some will consider it—from the region of tracts to that of high-flown romance. The scene of the tale is laid in the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. The author, being a lady, and a very young one perhaps, is naturally devoted to the cause of the Stuarts. Her heroine, who gives her name to the story, is a youthful heiress living in the north of England. The most remarkable thing about her that we have been able to discover is that one day "a faint breeze lifted the tendrils of soft brown hair from her forehead." In the days of George I. the author should know hair was hair and tendrils were tendrils. Whatever deficiencies there may have been in the literature of those days, extravagant nonsense was most carefully avoided. At that time, moreover, the sun used to set after the good old fashion. There were no "tender, pearly tints, that melted into the faint azure which slept in the calm of coming night"; nor was there anywhere in creation "a garb of violet glory." In fact, nature, if somewhat commonplace, at all events had not learnt to make herself utterly ridiculous. But to return to our heroine. She of course has a lover, and a lover who is on the side of the Pretender. He has a rival in one of her cousins, who, as every one must have expected, turns out to be a traitor to the good cause. In his eyes one day was seen "an evil glitter." Later on, when the rebels are at Preston, the figure of a man, cloaked and disguised, appears on the scene. "Once he looked up into the murky sky, and showed a pale face with an evil smile on it. 'One step nearer to you, Dorothy,' he said, softly, 'and for him, the scaffold.'" The speaker, of course, was the wicked cousin; and by "him" in italics is meant the rival. When the flight of the rebels takes place, the lover gallops off to take leave of Dorothy. In the midst of their sad farewells in walks the wicked cousin and greets all present with his usual languid grace. But the lover started forward; "their eyes met—fierce defiance on the part of the one, deep enduring hatred on that of the other." Some hard words pass about among the company, such as rebel, traitor, false, dishonoured, fairly mouthed; till at last the villain, turning to his virtuous rival, exclaims, "We have been rivals, fair sir, but I fancy the cord or the axe will end it now." He thereupon announces the approach of a troop of dragoons. The lover springs to the door to escape, but the villain draws a pistol from his breast. That moment "a dark figure passed swiftly across his vision. Too late." He fired, and the unhappy heroine fell down mortally wounded. The cousin fled "in a frenzy of anguish, remorse, and despair never to be assuaged," and became a buccaneer, or a Jesuit missionary, or a Carmelite monk. The hero escaped, and was not seen again till the '45, when he was slain on Clifton Moor.

Mixed up with the story are little scraps of history. It is, we suppose, a misprint when in one place we find Bolingbroke called Sir John. In another passage we are told that this statesman "reserved for himself the seats and the management of the Foreign Office." For "seats," perhaps, we should read "seals"; but in



any case "Foreign Office" has a strange sound when used of the early years of last century. In writing of the year 1714, the author says that Addison "was famous then for 'the Campaign,' but hereafter to be better valued for the *Spectator*." It is clear that she believes that the *Spectator* was written, not in the days of Queen Anne, but of George I. In a romantic novel we must remember, however, that such errors as these are scarcely blemishes. At all events, they will not render *Dorothy Compton* at all less acceptable to those who are so strangely constituted in their minds as to be able to read it with any degree of pleasure.

#### THE ANTIQUARY.\*

*THE ANTIQUARY* has adopted for its motto two lines from *Troilus and Cressida* :—

Instructed by the antiquary times,  
He is, he must, he cannot but be wise.

Shakspeare's feeling for antiquarian study, however, was associated with the workings of the great passions of humanity as illustrated by the deeds of people of old; and it may be doubted if he cared for the exploration of ruins, for descants upon architecture, or for gathering together stone implements, coins, or even book-plates, which kinds of antiquarianism belong to a later and less metaphysical stage of the science. In the "Wisdom of Solomon" the carved idol or moss-grown altar of a worn-out creed was accounted "a stone good for nothing"; and we expect that the author of *The Antiquary's* precept would not have valued the like "work of an ancient hand" at a much higher rate than did Solomon. The word "cathedral" only once occurs in our master poet, and then simply as an adjective to "church"; while the only person of his dramas who is represented to contemplate a "wasted building" is a rough-mannered Goth, as if the broken and formless walls of a decayed structure suited rather with a rude and unshapen nature than with cultivated feeling :—

Renowned Lucius, from our troops I strayed  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath the walls.

Titus Andronicus.

The act of "black-night" connected with the finding of this child is in keeping with the uncanny something that was believed to haunt a deserted ruin, an opinion which is as old as the Talmud, and one that still lingers among the fathers of the village. According to the Rabbis there are three reasons why a decayed building should not be entered :—1. Your intention may be suspected. 2. The walls may fall and crush you. 3. The place may be the den of evil spirits. But instead of being like the ruins of old Babylon, full of doleful creatures and dancing satyrs, we find in these days within the broken circuit of Stonehenge or beneath the arches of Tintern such lively visitors as 'Arry and the girl of his choice, who in their holiday pastime may be as nimble-footed as the satyrs, though their movement may be in less grim keeping with the severity of the surroundings. The spectre or hobgoblin has sometimes been no ineffectual protector of the remains of the past, and we are told in an article on "A Viking's Ship," that the tumulus or funeral hill at Gogstad in the south-west part of Christiania Fjord in Norway, within which this old craft was lately found, had been during some centuries undisturbed, because of the belief of avenging sprites being the guardians of the treasure enclosed. Unfortunately this wholesome dread had not been strong enough at some earlier day to prevent marauders breaking in upon the slumbering chieftain, whose battleship had become his hearse, wherein he now waited with his horses and hounds for the Universal Father to summon him once more to launch upon the waves towards which the stem of his vessel was already directed.

The present volume of *The Antiquary* opens with the concluding part of Mr. E. B. Ferrey's lecture on Old St. Paul's, which is full of sagacious inference, and if consulted in connexion with Hollar's plates in Dugdale's *St. Paul's*, or with Longman's *Three Cathedrals*, will enable the reader to recall the grandeur of the second church, with its many chapels and shrines. Of these chantries, indeed, he may gain a more accurate notion by reference to the lately published *Documents Illustrative of the History of St. Paul's Cathedral*, edited by Canon Simpson for the Camden Society, a work that would have increased the interest of Mr. Ferrey's papers had it appeared in time for his use. He might then have noted how, in pre-Reformation days, the difficulties in raising money for restorations and for the endowment of altars were met by grants of Indulgences to all who contributed to such pious works. These grants, of which seventy-six are enumerated, supply in many instances the dates at which particular parts of the Cathedral were built or repaired; and, however much dislike may be had towards such a very un-Protestant system of raising funds, we may charitably allow something for the difficulties of the position, bazaars not having then become a religious institution. It is curious, moreover, to notice that as late as 1635-6 there occurs very like the grant of an Indulgence, when on March 5th Sir Ralph Ashton escaped doing penance in his own parish church by paying 300*l.* towards the repair of the west end of St. Paul's; and similarly, in 1636,

a clandestine marriage is purged on payment of 150*l.* for the benefit of the same church. It seems as difficult to ascertain what was the actual length of Old St. Paul's as to count twice alike the stones of Stonehenge, on which monument we have of course here a paper; but Canon Simpson accepts the result of Mr. Ferrey's careful study of the question that the total length from east to west was 596 feet, being 66 feet longer than Winchester Cathedral. Turning to Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's article on Stonehenge, we find that its huge trilithons were, according to the latest theory of their intention, raised for a primitive Christian temple, which is a view that will perhaps be superseded by an equally successful attempt to prove them to have formed the original British synagogue of the lost tribe of Israel, an hypothesis that we wonder some ingenious Anglo-Israelite has not already proposed. Archaeologists seem as much at a loss to decide upon the age of these concentric rings as to fix the date when the flaming zones were first flung round the planet Saturn, a power to which Stonehenge has, in fact, been argued to be dedicated. It has, moreover, been pronounced to be Buddhist, Phœnician, Druidical, Roman, Celtic, and Saxon—to belong to a time as early as (literally) the expulsion from Paradise, and to as late as the Danish invasion of England. Whether it be a sepulchral trophy, an altar to an unknown god, a court of justice, an astronomical observatory, or a serpent temple that wound circle within circle, and was an earthly Inferno for holocausts of human victims, seems likely to remain undetermined. It is remarkable, however, that after the prolonged clash of archaeological theories, perhaps the favourite opinion is one which explains the gigantic ruin to have been "a cenotaph or memorial kirk erected by a British King, Aurelius Ambrosius, to commemorate the death of those who had fallen in the great struggle with Hengist, or who were slain by his treachery" (see *Quarterly Review*, vol. 108, p. 207), which is just the account Geoffrey of Monmouth has given, with the additional explanation that Merlin transferred the stones by magic art from Ireland. But Dr. Nicholson no more connects their origin with Aurelius Ambrosius than with Merlin the magician. "I have seen governors of islands in my time," says Sancho Panza, "who hardly came up to the heel of my shoe." So it may be said that the usual cromlech hardly comes up to the Friar's Heel at Stonehenge. Therefore, Stonehenge is not a cromlech, but a temple. Who were the worshippers therein is a further question. In the first place the writer in *The Antiquary* denies that Stonehenge answers to the usual representation of being formed of two concentric circles enclosing two ellipses, the latter features, he declares, being, not two ellipses, but two semi-elliptical or horseshoe curves. With the dismissal of the ellipses vanishes also the theory that they were dedicated to the moon, and symbolled the mystic egg, the mother of us all. The notion, moreover, of a serpent temple stretching out into an almost interminable length of winding avenue, seems refuted by the literal fact that no head nor tail can be made of the reptile figured. Lord Nelson, it is said, nailed a horseshoe to the mast of the *Victory* as a charm against witchcraft, or against the craft of the enemy, but he would have been as surprised as we are to be told that his notion had been derived from Druidism, and was expressed by the two curves of Stonehenge. We think also that Dr. Nicholson is smiling at our credulity when he tempts us to believe that the throwing a slipper after a bridegroom and bride is because the heel of a shoe is shaped like a horseshoe, and because that horseshoe is shaped like the curves within the trilithons on Sarum's Plain. But this leads him to speak of the Friar's Heel, and the fact that, at sunrise on the 21st of June, the rays strike on the top of that particular stone induces him to argue that Stonehenge was a temple to the sun, which conclusion, as solar theories are now fashionable, we may as well adopt as any other. At any rate, if analogous to it, seems less extravagant than the Rev. Edward Duke's hypothesis, that "our ingenious ancestors portrayed on the Wiltshire Downs a planetarium, or stationary orrery, located on a meridional line, extending north and south, the length of sixteen miles; that the planetary temples thus located, seven in number, will, if put into motion, be supposed to revolve round Silbury Hill, as the centre of this grand astronomical scheme; that thus Saturn, the extreme planet to the south, would in his orbit describe a circle with a diameter of thirty-two miles," &c.

Of less striking significance than the monument we have been considering, but of almost equally obscure origin, is a stone in Pannier Alley, London, with a sculpture of a boy sitting on a pannier or maund, and dated 1688. This stone is inferred to have been substituted for one mentioned A.D. 889, in the grant of the tract of land whereon it stood, by King Alfred, to Werefrith, Bishop of Worcester, for the purpose of a market, the place until lately having been known as Newgate Market. The words, "Hwaet-mundes stane," used in the deed of concession, was argued by Mr. H. C. Coote to mean a stone house belonging to one Hwaet-mund, but Mr. Kerslake in a brief paper on the subject has perhaps more judiciously suggested that the phrase may be interpreted as wheat-maund stone, the word maund being still in use for a large basket. The stone, therefore, it is inferred, was the original market centre or cross to which wheat or like grain was brought.

Among the monuments in the Grey Friars' Church, as given in Stow's *Survey of London*, we find, under the date 1523, "Alice Lat Hungerford, hanged at Tiborne for murdering her husband." Mr. W. J. Hardy has taken considerable pains to extend the in-

\* *The Antiquary* : a Magazine devoted to the Study of the Past. Edited by Edward Walford, M.A. Vol. II. London : Elliot Stock.

formation here given, and he first of all cites the fuller statement of John Stow in his *Chronicle of England*, where, under the same year, it is said, "The 20 February the Lady Alice Hungerford, a knight's wife, for murdering her husband was led from the Tower of London to Holborne, and there put into a cart with one of her servants, and so caryed to Tyborne and both hanged. She was buried in the Grey Fryers Church at London." An inventory of the goods of Lady Agnes Hungerford, "which belonged to the King's grace by forfeiture for felony and murder," was printed in the 38th volume of *The Archaeologia*, with notes by Mr. Gough Nichols, who proves that for Alice we should read Agnes, she being the second wife of Sir Edward Hungerford, father of Lord Hungerford, who was executed for treason in 1541. As Sir Edward died only a few months before the conviction of his unhappy wife, it has been supposed that he was the victim whose murder was expiated at the gallows. This is clearly proved not to have been the fact. The Lady Alice had formerly been the wife of John Cotell, who was strangled at her instance on December 28, 1518, the motive for the crime seeming to have been that he stood in the way of her obtaining the hand of Sir Edward Hungerford. Not far from Bath, on a high piece of ground, are the ruins of Farleigh Hungerford Castle, including a perfect little family chapel with some costly tombs. Against the north-western tower is the site of the kitchen furnace wherein the body of John Cotell was consumed to ashes, the effectiveness with which this part of the tragedy was evidently done being such as would have thrown no discredit upon the tremendous apparatus of the modern cremationists. Miss Braddon's typical novel might well have been titled *Lady Hungerford's Secret*, only that it would have seemed to do violence to fiction as well as to fact to represent that in the great castle of a certain lord a village wife had caused her husband to be cast into a fiery furnace in order that she might marry the lord himself, which she did. How she maintained the guilty secret during five years till the death of her second husband, which Mr. Hardy shows from the Close Rolls to have happened on January 24, 1522, seems as mysterious as that the actual perpetrators of the crime should be able to consume the body of the murdered man within the walls of an inhabited castle. The writer in *The Antiquary* has had recourse to the "Coram Rege Roll" for his facts, and had the editor of *The Grey Friars' Chronicle* for the Camden Society, who is identical with the contributor of the "Inventory" to *The Archaeologia*, gone to the same source he would have been saved from some singularly unhappy conjectures in his notes upon the case of Lady Hungerford.

A paper on "The Politeness of our Forefathers" contains an abstract of *The Rules of Civility*, a book of etiquette licensed in 1671, and intended for the improvement of the English people. The work is a translation from the French, which fact explains how one of the rules was rather too late for adoption in this country. That is, when a consecrated Host or the Pope's legate was met on the way, "it is a respect due to them for us to stop our coach till they be passed; the men to be uncovered, and the ladies to pull off their masks." But, "if it be the Sacrament, we must out of our coach if we can, and down upon our knees, though in the middle of the street." It is suggested that one use of the mask was to enable the fair wearers to see the wicked comedies of the Restoration without their blushes being discerned. Though it was not thought irreverent for men to cover their heads in church, and it was customary to wear their hats, even in the presence of ladies, at the dinner-table, it was considered "no less than rudeness in a woman to enter into any one's chamber to whom she owes any respect with her gown tucked up, with her mask upon her face, or a hood about her head, unless it be thin and perspicuous." One point of politeness we should have thought almost unnecessary, even at that time, to enjoin, only that we now as rarely snuff candles with snuffers as with our naked fingers:—"If it so happen that you be alone together with a person of quality, and the candle be to be snuffed, you must do it with the snuffers, not with your fingers, and that neatly and quickly, lest the person of honour be offended with the smell." Another paper on social aspects is by Lord Talbot de Malahide, entitled "The Grub Street Journal," and is an abstract of that publication, which began in 1730, and was followed by the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The chief Irish agitation of the times seems to have been in the clock of St. Warburgh's Church, Dublin, which on September 2nd of the above year became so violently excited by a hurricane that "its hand, our correspondent writes, was turned about for a quarter of an hour together with the same velocity as the flyers of a jack usually move." The good feeling of their Majesties and the rest of the Royal family towards the tutelar saint of Ireland was shown by their wearing crosses on March 17th in honour of St. Patrick's Day. Perhaps this compliment to the Irish was in recompense for four-fifths of that people having just before been suddenly deprived of their right of representation in Parliament by the disfranchisement of the Roman Catholics. With respect to English morals and manners Lord Talbot de Malahide's paper may be read without endangering our self-flattery that we are better than our fathers.

We are not sure that Mr. J. H. Parker's anecdotal contributions on the "Victorian Revival of Gothic Architecture" are not the most interesting in the volume, though we might recommend several others, besides what we have cited, to the reader's attention. Among these Mr. H. B. Wheatley's papers on bibliography and bookbinding should not be overlooked. To conclude, there is enough antiquarian feeling among the reading

classes to justify the attempt to establish a periodical for their service; and there is enough pleasant, and at times solid, discourse in the present volume to suit a diversity of tastes, while the most fastidious eye may be pleased by the beauty of its paper and letter-press.

#### THE ARABIAN GOLDEN TREASURY.\*

AN attempt to bring a very far-away literature within ordinary reach deserves a hearty recognition, especially when it has to do with a literature so little known, yet known to be so great, as Arabian poetry. The masterpieces of Arabian poetry are almost unknown in England; and such translations as have been attempted up to quite recent years have failed to represent in any adequate manner the characteristics of the originals. It is not that the Arabs possessed no poetry, or that English scholars were ignorant of their fame; on the contrary, the peculiar esteem in which eloquence and poetry were held among the Arabs is among the stock parallels of the historian, and never fails of emphatic notice in every essay on the life of Mohammed and the religion of Islam. One is tired of hearing of the fair of Okadh, and the poetic contests that were believed to take place there, of the prize poems that were (or were not) suspended on the Kaaba, and the saying of the Khalif Omar. Every one knows that the Arabs held poetry to be one of the highest of divine gifts, and rejoiced over the advent of a poet as over the chief glory of their tribe. We do not want to be told how truly the Arab loved poetry, how great was the poet's power, and how widespread his fame and influence. We wish to be allowed to judge of this poetry for ourselves, without being compelled to learn a language which, according to one of the foremost of its grammarians, demands five hundred years of incessant application before one can consider himself perfected in its knowledge. When the highest authority committed two grammatical errors in his life, and died with the confession that he had something on his mind concerning the particle "hatta," it is evident that Arabic is not a study to be lightly undertaken. So much the stronger is the obligation laid upon those who have mastered it, so far as the span of human life allows, to reveal what they can of its literature to the unlearned; but hitherto the duty has been but sparingly acknowledged and imperfectly fulfilled.

It may be believed, however, that we are now fairly in the way of being taught somewhat more fully and more accurately the essential character of Arabian poetry. Mr. Lyall's contributions to the Journal of the Bengal Asiatic Society; Professor Palmer's "Song of the Reed," and his charming version of the mediæval Egyptian poet Zuheyr; Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave's "Omar"; are good omens of the light to come. None of these scholars, however, have attempted to treat Arab poetry as the literature of every European nation has been treated again and again. It was left for one who disclaims any proficiency in Oriental languages to compile the Golden Treasury of Arabian songs and lyrics, and bring Arabian poetry within the reach of English readers. Mr. Clouston deserves all thanks for the preparation of the beautiful *édition de luxe*, one of whose seventy copies lies before us; and a wider gratitude belongs to the smaller and less choice, but more purchasable, edition which he has issued simultaneously. We have no fault to find with his share in the work. He has performed his editorial functions with scrupulous care and fine judgment. With a few exceptions, his collection contains all that can be gathered of Arabian poetry in English, and he has had the good fortune to be able to include some original translations by Mr. Redhouse never before published. The editor's introduction is comprehensive and excellently written, and the notes at the end of the volume evince a considerable knowledge of the literature of the subject. Mr. Clouston has not only for the first time given us a fairly representative anthology of Arabian poetry, he has also executed a difficult task with rare taste.

The objections that must rise in every reader's mind are not to the manner, but the matter. A very large proportion of the translations are wholly alien in style and tone to the originals they profess to represent. The staple of the collection, occupying half its bulk, are the translations by Sir William Jones of the Moallakat, or seven prize poems, and J. D. Carlyle's *Specimens of Arabian Poetry* (1796 and 1810). Neither of these works can be regarded as worthy representatives of the originals. The Moallakat are the oldest and most famous poems in the language, acknowledged models of what an Arabic kasida or ode should be. Sir William Jones puts them into the ornate and effeminate prose which characterized his era in translation, and it is difficult to understand the power and rude eloquence of these Bedouin songs when we read them in the stilted periods of a posthumous Queen Anne essayist. Sir William Jones could turn his polished style to excellent use in other directions; but Addison himself would have made an indifferent translator of desert song. A single example will show the faultiness of Sir W. Jones's versions—their misrepresentation of the originals in meaning, and still more in tone. We will first quote some lines of the bold vigorous Moallaka of Zuheyr, as rendered by Mr. Lyall in the Bengal Asiatic Journal; and then give Sir W.

\* *Arabian Poetry for English Readers*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. A. Clouston. Glasgow: Privately printed, 1881.

*The Lay of the Himeyrites*. Translated and Edited by Captain W. F. Prideaux, Fellow of the University of Bombay, &c. Sehoré: Printed at the High School Press. 1879.



Jones's translation of the same. Some verses will be seen to be transposed in the two renderings; but the comparison between the two is not seriously complicated by the variation in the order. Mr. Lyall's is a nearly literal translation, in the metre of the original, but without retaining the rhyme. The measure is "the noble cadence called the *Tawil*, most loved of all by the ancient poets. Each hemistich consists of four feet, arranged thus:—

— — — — — | — — — — — | — — — — —

It is the measure, in fact, of Browning's *Abb Vogler*, as Mr. Lyall shows in quoting such lines as

Existent behind all laws that made them, and lo they are;  
and

And there! ye have heard and seen: consider and bow the head.

The poem begins with a lament for the flitting of the tribe from the pasture-lands, the departure of the women, and especially of his wife, Umm Aufa:—

Are they of Umm Aufa's tents—these black lines that speak no word  
In the stony plain of El-Mutathellom and ed-Darrāj?

Yea and the place where her camp stood in er-Raqmatān is now  
Like the tracery drawn afresh by the veins of the inner wrist.

The wild kine roam there large-eyed and the deer pass to and fro,  
And their younglings rise up to suck from the spots where they lie

all round.

I stood there and gazed: since I saw it last twenty years had flown,  
And much I pondered thereon: hard was it to know again—

The black stones in order laid in the place where the pot was set,  
And the trench like a cistern's root with its sides unbroken still.

And when I knew it at last for her resting-place, I cried,  
"Good greeting to thee, O House—fair peace in the morn to thee!"

Look forth, O friend—canst thou see ought of ladies camel borne  
That journey along the upland there above Jurthum well?

Their litters are hung with precious stuffs, and thin veils thereon  
Cast loosely, their borders rose, as though they were dyed in blood.

Sideways they sat as their beasts clomb the ridge of es-Sūbān  
—In them were the sweetness and grace of one nourished in wealth

and ease.

They went on their way at dawn—they started before sunrise:  
Straight did they make for the vale of er-Rass as hand for mouth.

Dainty and playful their mood to one who should try its worth,  
And faces fair to an eye skilled to trace out loveliness.

And the tassels of scarlet wool in the spots where they gat them down  
Glowed red like to 'ishrig seeds, fresh-fallen, unbroken, bright.

And when they reached the wells where the deep blue water lies,  
They cast down their staves and set them to pitch the tents for rest.

On their right rose el-Qanān, and the rugged skirts thereof—  
And in el-Qanān how many are friends and foes of mine!

At eve they left es-Sūbān: then they crossed its ridge again,  
Borne on the fair-fashioned litters, all new and builded broad.

In this translation one hears the true desert ring; it has the rugged grandeur of the original. What then can be said of Sir William Jones's rendering of the passage?—

Are these the only traces of the lovely Ommaufa? Are these the silent  
ruins of her mansion in the rough plains of Derrage and Mothathellom?

Are the remains of her abode, in the two stations of Rakma, become  
like blue stains renewed with fresh woad on the veins of the wrist?

There the wild cows with large eyes, and the milk-white deer, walk in  
slow succession, while their young rise hastily to follow them from every  
lair.

On this plain I stopped after an absence of twenty summers, and  
with difficulty could recollect the mansion of my fair one after long medi-  
tation;

After surveying the black stones on which her cauldron used to be raised,  
and the canal round her tent, like the margin of a fish-pond, which time  
had not destroyed;

Soon as I recollected the dwelling-place of my beloved, I said to the  
remains of her bower—"Hail, sweet bower! may this morning be fair and  
auspicious!"

But I added, "Look, my friend! dost thou not discern a company of  
maidens seated on camels, and advancing over the high ground above the  
streams of Jortham?"

They leave on their right the mountains and rocky plains of Kenaan. O,  
how many of my bitter foes, and how many of my firm allies, does Kenaan  
contain!

They are mounted in carriages covered with costly awnings, and with  
rose-coloured veils, the linings of which have the hue of crimson anem-  
wood.

They now appear by the valley of Suban, and now they pass through it;  
the trappings of all their camels are new and large.

When they ascend from the bosom of the vale, they sit forward on the  
saddle-cloths, with every mark of a voluptuous gaiety.

The locks of stained wool, that fall from their carriages whenever they  
alight, resemble the scarlet berries of nightshade not yet crushed.

They rose at daybreak; they proceeded at early dawn; they are  
advancing towards the valley of Kas, directly and surely, as the hand to the  
mouth.

Now, when they have reached the brink of yon blue gushing rivulet, they  
fix the poles of their tents, like the Arabs with a settled mansion.

Among them the nice gazer on beauty may find delight, and the curious  
observant eye may be gratified with the charming objects.—Pp. 31, 32.

It is unnecessary to point out the singular inappropriateness  
of many of Sir William Jones's phrases, or the mastery of bathos  
evinced in the preceding quotation. All that can be said of  
his translation of the Moallakat is that it is the only complete  
version in English; and, until the happy time comes when (as  
Mr. Clouston hints) the whole collection of Moallakabs shall  
have the advantage of Mr. Lyall's fine interpretation, we must  
be thankful for this careful reprint of a rare work, and accept  
Sir W. Jones's translations, in spite of their mistakes, their foreign  
treatment, and their unfortunate style, as better than nothing.

Dr. Carlyle's renderings of a miscellaneous set of Arabic odes of  
various ages are even less happy than Sir William Jones's; for Carlyle  
adds to a stilted language the vices of conventional verse. A tame but  
melodious version of the opening of Lebīd's beautiful Moallaka  
reminds one faintly of Goldsmith; and indeed all Dr. Carlyle's

translations have the smack of a 'prentice hand at work on a  
*Deserted Village*. Happily Carlyle has chiefly devoted his at-  
tention to the gratulatory and amatory odes of the Court poets of  
the Khalifate, and has not often meddled with the greater poems  
of the elder Arabs. But still his renderings are wholly alien in  
tone from the originals. One of the least wretched of his pieces  
is perhaps that "To a Lady Weeping":—

When I beheld thy blue eye shine  
Through the bright drop that Pity drew,  
I saw beneath those tears of thine  
A blue-eyed violet bathed in dew.

The violet ever scents the gale,  
Its hues adorn the fairest wreath;  
But sweetest through a dewy veil  
Its colours grow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise:  
When Wit and Pleasure round thee play;  
When Mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,  
Who but admires their sprightly ray?

But when through Pity's flood thy gleam,  
Who but must love their softened beam?—P. 120.

Mr. Clouston has done his best in giving us Sir William Jones's  
and Dr. Carlyle's translations; they were all that could be had.  
But his chief service lies in the latter part of the volume. His  
excellent epitome of the First Part of the famous Bedouin romance  
of Antar, with all the poetry included in it, will be highly prized.  
Few possess Terrick Hamilton's still-born offspring, and still fewer  
have succeeded in reading it. The present abridgment is really  
all we want. It is a worthy record of a splendid career. Antar  
is the Lancelot of the desert, with all his nobleness and none of  
his guilt; and the epitaph of the Knight of the Round Table is  
scarcely grander than the words the aged Sheikh pronounced over  
the dead body of the Arab hero:—"Glory to thee, brave warrior!  
who, during thy life, has been the defender of thy tribe, and who, even  
after thy death, hast saved thy brethren by the terror of thy corpse  
and of thy name! May thy soul live for ever! May the refreshing  
dews moisten the ground of this, thy last exploit!" Very wel-  
come, too, are Mr. Redhouse's scholarlike translations of the two  
Poems of the Mantle; one recited by Kaab, son of Zoheyr, whose  
Moallaka we have already quoted, in the presence and in praise  
of the Prophet Mohammed in the ninth year of the Hegira;  
and the other written six hundred years later by El-Busiri,  
and still, after six centuries more, renowned through all the  
kingdoms of Islam, inscribed on amulets, and chanted in sickness  
and over the dead. In an appendix we find extracts from Captain  
(now Major) Prideaux's *Lay of the Himyerites*, a very remarkable  
poem which has had the good fortune to find a worthy trans-  
lator. This abstract of Major Prideaux's work is the more valu-  
able as the copy of his original treatise now before us bears the  
notice that the issue was limited to twenty-five copies, and the  
high merits of the translation could therefore be appreciated only  
by a very limited audience. It is worth remarking that this  
*édition de luxe* of the *Lay of the Himyerites* was set up, printed,  
and bound, by one pupil of the High School of Sehoré in Central  
India; certainly a phenomenon in the bibliography of tall copies.  
Mr. W. Gifford Palgrave's "Omar the Mogheere," in *Essays on  
Eastern Questions*, also appears in this Appendix, as well as Mr.  
J. Payne's specimens of the poetry of the *Arabian Nights*, re-  
printed and abstracted from the *New Quarterly Magazine*. The  
notes which conclude the volume are full, not only of interest-  
ing biographical traditions and explanations of questions of  
manners and customs raised in the poems, but also of fragments  
from Mr. Lyall, Professor Palmer, and others, of notable merit.  
The appendix is, in short, the most valuable part of the book. We  
are glad to have the only complete English version of the seven  
oldest Arabic poems, in spite of its faults; and Dr. Carlyle's  
renderings are better than nothing; but the various pieces col-  
lected together in the latter half of the volume are more welcome  
still. All who care to know practically everything that can be  
learnt in English concerning the ancient poetry of the Arabs will  
find Mr. Clouston's skilfully prepared volume a great acquisition.  
The poetry is worth studying, and if it is not always as well in-  
terpreted as it might be, at least the version here given is the best  
to be had as yet. This Arabian Golden Treasury gathers together  
all, or almost all, that has been done thus far to popularize the  
great masters of Arab poetry. To have accomplished this is no  
slight performance; and if the work serves to encourage those  
living scholars who have the rare gift of worthily rendering the  
Arabian poets, to improve upon it, we may hope before long to  
see Arabian lyrics as excellently selected and represented in  
English as English lyrics have been by the brother of one of the  
most notable of the translators whose verse appears in Mr.  
Clouston's delightful volume.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE almost inexhaustible stores of Maria Theresa's correspond-  
ence (1) are yielding Herr von Arneth material for yet  
another publication, which will, however, probably be the last.  
Two volumes already published contain her hitherto unedited  
letters to the members of her family, two more, yet to follow, will  
comprise her correspondence with private friends. The letters

(1) *Briefe der Kaiserin Maria Theresia an ihre Kinder und Freunde*.  
Herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter von Arneth. Bde. 1, 2. Wien: Braun-  
müller. London: Williams & Norgate.

belonging to the former class would have been far more numerous but for her own strict injunctions that they should be destroyed, which were in most cases carried out by the recipients. Those addressed to her son Ferdinand, Viceroy of Lombardy, and his consort, were, nevertheless, for the most part preserved, and form by much the largest and most important part of the present publication. Their interest is principally personal and domestic, and they generally exhibit the Empress's character in the most favourable light. As might be expected from an affectionate, and at the same time strong-willed, mother, she is rather too much given to tutoring and lecturing the young Prince; but, on the whole, the correspondence displays great wisdom and good sense, as well as a most kindly nature. The letters to her son Maximilian, and her daughter Maria Christina, are of a similar stamp. Those to the Archduke Leopold of Tuscany, which must have been very interesting, are unfortunately lost, and almost everything addressed to the Emperor Joseph and Marie Antoinette has been already published. Nothing like a connected narrative of her reign can be extracted from this collection, but there are constant references to events small and great, and Maria Theresa's remarks vividly exhibit the excellent understanding she had received from nature, as well as the bigotry and timidity inevitably produced by an unfortunate education. She was so little in harmony with the enlightened spirit of her time as to assent with reluctance to the abolition of torture in criminal cases, a reform of which she has usually received the credit. On the other hand, she felt the sincerest compassion for the peasantry when oppressed by extortionate landlords, and wished to take stronger measures for their relief than her son and her Ministers would allow. Her expressions on the partition of Poland are exceedingly strong. "The disasters of the Turks," she says, "the hopelessness of aid from France and England, the fear of being involved without allies in a war with Russia and Prussia, famine and pestilence among my people, have compelled me to consent to this unhallowed proposal, which will cast a shadow upon my whole reign. I must write no more, or my emotion will overcome me, and I shall fall into the most dismal melancholy." On the whole, it may be said that very few sovereigns, equally estimable with Maria Theresa in private life, have displayed equal capacity as rulers.

Two volumes of correspondence between Count Prokesch-Osten, Gentz, and Metternich (2) constitute a valuable contribution to the history of Austrian diplomacy. During the Greek war of independence Prokesch acted as an Austrian diplomatic agent in Greece; subsequently he was Minister at Athens, and witnessed the successful insurrection of 1843. His letters afford important materials for the study of these transactions; from a more extended point of view they are interesting as an unconscious *exposé* of Austrian policy. It is not difficult to discover from them why Austria should be condemned to eternal sterility. The beginning, middle, and end of all her diplomacy is the necessity of self-preservation imposed upon a weak and distracted State, with an utter absence of the patriotic aspirations which Russia, England, and France are respectively more or less able to enkindle among the nationalities of the Balkan peninsula. *Conservons le chaos* would really be a very fair condensation of the principles of Austrian policy in this part of the world, in Metternich's time, at all events. One considerable section of the correspondence, written from Italy and Germany in 1831 and 1832, treats of the general politics of Europe, and discloses how thoroughly the advocates of the absolutist system had lost faith in its permanence, while at the same time their very distrust of the political and social fabric they supported prevented their attempting the slightest reform in it, lest any interference should bring it down. As letters, the communications interchanged between Gentz and Prokesch are excellent, and exhibit on the former's part the fanciful, sentimental, almost romantic, attachment so well known from other similar collections, and which contrasts so curiously with his political clear-headedness. Even in politics, however, he is fertile and full of speculation, and would evidently have been much more in place as the Minister of a free commonwealth than as the agent of the purely repressive policy of Metternich. The latter's letters indicate his practical good sense within narrow limits, and his absolute incapacity for adding anything to his originally scanty stock of ideas and political maxims. Some of the most interesting are written after his overthrow, which does not appear to have affected his self-satisfaction or his convictions. There is no trace of any consciousness of the unparalleled opportunity he had lost by obstinately entrenching himself behind an effete system, the untenableness of which he fully recognized.

"Landmarks in the Lives of Nations" (3) is a series of historical chapters on memorable epochs in modern history, beginning with the Reformation and ending with the achievement of German and Italian unity, which is apparently regarded as crowning the edifice. The revolt of the Netherlands, the English and French Revolutions, American Independence, and the War of Liberation against Napoleon are among the more important chapters. An ultra-German patriotism and animosity against France are occasionally perceptible, but on the whole the execution is fair, and the work is enlivened by frequent extracts from standard historians.

(2) *Aus dem Nachlasse des Grafen Prokesch-Osten. Briefwechsel mit Herrn von Gentz und Fürsten Metternich.* 2 Bde. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Marksteine im Leben der Völker.* Von C. F. Maurer. Leipzig: Kummer. London: Williams & Norgate.

Professor Ernst Meier (4) has prepared a very thorough account of those reforms of Stein and Hardenberg to which the present greatness of Prussia is so largely owing, in so far as they affected the Civil Service. The subject, which involves an account of the administrative system as it existed in the eighteenth century, is at a first view dry and repulsive, but will be found by no means devoid of interest when fairly grappled with, while an acquaintance with it is essential to a just appreciation of Stein and Hardenberg's great work.

The second volume of Kossuth's writings (5) during his exile comprise his letters, pamphlets, and other public documents composed subsequently to the Italian campaign of 1859. They would be unanswerable if Austria and Hungary had Europe to themselves, but their undeniable rhetorical and dialectical power is nullified by their author's indisposition to take account of actual circumstances; and it is no mean proof of the political intelligence of the Magyars that appeals so fervent and so plausible should have produced so little effect.

The thesis that "modern Christianity is a civilized heathenism" has been recently advanced in England by a very orthodox clergyman. Herr Radenhausen (6) arrives at the same conclusion rather by historical investigation than by contrasting the preaching of the first ages with the practice of the present; nor is he at all inclined to restore primitive Christianity when its nature has been ascertained. His arguments present little novelty, and his work is chiefly remarkable as indicating that his own position is much more nearly Theistic than when he wrote his celebrated "Isis," and thus confirming the impression that the ultra-materialist school is losing ground in Germany.

The Rossano MS. of the Gospels (7) is one of the most interesting palaeographical discoveries made of late. From time immemorial a magnificent MS. written in silver letters upon a purple ground, and containing the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, had been lying unnoticed in the cathedral library of a small Calabrian town. It had, indeed, been briefly alluded to in an obscure book, which dated it eight hundred years too late. A German traveller first recognized it as one of the oldest of New Testament codices, probably written about the beginning of the sixth century, the oldest of all known New Testament MSS. with miniatures, and counting among its numerous examples of the artistic treatment of sacred subjects several treated, so far as hitherto known, for the first time. It is therefore a valuable link in the history of the transition from classical to Byzantine art, and many of its delineations are of considerable artistic merit. The careful reproductions in Professors Gebhardt and Harnack's handsome volume afford a ready means of estimating its importance in this respect. It is of less account from the point of view of textual criticism, but nevertheless presents some peculiar readings, frequently agreeing with the earlier versions of the Latin Vulgate. It originally contained all four Gospels, but the two latter have perished, apparently from damp.

Dr. Studer's translation of and comment upon the Book of Job (8) will be allowed to be an able and useful publication, even when the writer's views fail to command entire assent. His interpretation is substantially that made familiar to English readers by Mr. Froude's remarkable essay. The book of Job is a protest against the accepted Hebrew view which considered all afflictions as tokens of the Divine displeasure. It thus runs directly counter to the most cherished Jewish prejudices, and could only obtain admission into the canon by being provided with a prologue and epilogue at variance with the true tendency of the work, and the interpolation of the speeches of Jehovah and Elihu. It may be questioned whether the acceptance of such sweeping suggestions is preferable to the admission that the writer of Job, like other great poets and thinkers, was sometimes inconsistent with himself. Dr. Studer, however, presents his view with great ability and clearness, and his translation is dignified and energetic.

Professor Kaegi (9) has prepared a very interesting and useful little volume on primitive Indian civilization as exhibited in the Rigveda, the only authentic source of information for the manners and institutions, as well as the religion, of the first Aryan invaders of the Indian peninsula. It is not so comprehensive as Zimmer's recent work on the same subject, but it is perfectly adapted to the requirements of readers who are satisfied with a general knowledge of it. Nearly half the little volume is occupied with notes, referring to passages in the Vedas as proofs and illustrations of the statements made in the text.

(4) *Die Reform der Verwaltungs-Organisation unter Stein und Hardenberg.* Von Dr. E. Meier. Leipzig: Dunker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Ludwig Kossuth. Meine Schriften aus der Emigration.* Bd. 2. Pressburg: Stämpfel. London: Kolckmann.

(6) *Christenthum ist Heidenthum, nicht Jesu Lehre.* Von C. Radenhausen. Hamburg: Meisner. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Evangelium Codex Græcus Purpureus Rossanensis.* Seine Entdeckung, sein wissenschaftlicher und künstlerischer Werth dargestellt von O. von Gebhardt und A. Harnack. Leipzig: Giesecke & Devrient. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Das Buch Hiob für Geistliche und gebildete Laien übersetzt und kritisch erläutert.* Von Dr. G. L. Studer. Bremen: Heinsius. London: Nutt.

(9) *Der Rigveda, die älteste Literatur der Inder.* Von Adolf Kaegi. Zweite umgearbeitete und erweiterte Auflage. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.



Dr. Bastian's treatise on the religious myths of the South Sea Islanders (10) contains, as usual with him, a great amount of interesting but badly digested information. It is divided into two sections, one devoted to New Zealand, the other to Hawaii. Obscure and frequently childish as these South Sea cosmogonies appear on the whole, they have frequent glimpses of profound meaning, and not a few traces of their remote origin and affinity with the mythologies of the Asiatic and American continents. If Dr. Bastian's volume wears a somewhat formidable appearance from the amount of the Polynesian vernacular it contains, it, on the other hand, contains also not a little English, the author having reprinted Mr. White's lectures on the subject, never properly published, and now inaccessible in their original form.

The concluding parts of Simons and Wagner's magnificent illustrated work on Spain (11) treat principally of Granada and the Alhambra, ending with the palm groves of Elche. The views of the Alhambra are exquisite with their delicacy of execution and wealth of minute detail, and, generally speaking, it may be said that no illustrated work is more thoroughly satisfactory, and that no artist has been more successful than Professor Wagner in seizing the indefinite national atmosphere which imparts so peculiar a colouring to Spanish scenery and architecture, as well as in attaining mere outward exactness of detail.

Baron von Ompteda's (12) principal object in visiting this country appears to have been the study of English parks and gardens, which he has examined with attention at Windsor, Kew, Hatfield, and Woburn, adding a chapter on floral exhibitions. He has, however, extended his researches to the national character and manners, and shows himself as sensible of the strong points of the former as national susceptibility could require, and perhaps even too indulgent a censor of our foibles. As an example of the weakest side of the English character, he enters into details on its besetting infirmity of intemperance; on the other side, he describes the manly amusements and ennobling historical associations of Oxford life in a most genial spirit. He endeavours with much kindness and good sense to remove current German prejudices against England, and it may be hoped that his volume will contribute to confirm the mutual good feeling between the countries which foolish persons in both have endeavoured to disturb.

Düntzer's Life of Schiller (13) is the counterpart of his biography of Goethe, an eminently useful and indeed henceforth indispensable book, with no pretension to literary merit beyond that attaching to an intelligent and workmanlike compilation. Seldom have the higher departments of the biographer's vocation been so consistently ignored, and the compiler's attention more resolutely bestowed upon the art of using scissors and paste without incoherency. Such success could only be attainable by one thoroughly acquainted with every inch of the ground. Herr Düntzer's perfect mastery over his materials has enabled him to fuse the enormous mass of Schiller-literature which the last half-century has produced into a clear and consistent narrative, accounting for almost every day of his hero's life, and invaluable for reference, although too matter of fact and overloaded with minutiae to attract general readers. The author's laudable desire to employ the very words of his authorities frequently gives his diction a patchwork character, but this was probably in his plan. Nor is it any fault of Düntzer's that Schiller, notwithstanding the nobility of his nature, is a less interesting subject for biography than Goethe, even though his life was more eventful. Goethe's intimate connexion with the entire history of European thought since his appearance imparts a significance to any incident of his career which contributed either to mould or to illustrate his mind, while the interest attaching to Schiller's biography is mainly personal. The volume is adorned by the same abundance of portraits, facsimiles, and views as distinguished its companion, and the judgment displayed in their selection is not inferior.

The second volume of Adolf Ebert's history of mediæval literature (14) embraces the period of Charlemagne's immediate successors, perhaps the most dismal epoch in all literary history, an era positively repulsive but for the honour and sympathy due to the few who, amid the deepest discouragement, contrived to preserve the torch of knowledge from utter extinction. The excellent intentions of many of the dull annalists and superstitious hagiographers of this melancholy time entitle them to a respect which the intrinsic value of their work would fail in securing them. One great genius, Erigena, adorns Ebert's pages. Archbishop Hincmar, apart from his writings, is an interesting personage; and of Rabanus Ebert justly says that he was the first to display that universality which has since come to be recognized as the distinctive note of the German literary character. Of most of the rest it need only be said that the little which deserves to be recorded is clearly and elegantly recorded here.

Dr. Adalbert Schroeter's rendering of Walter von der Vogel-

weide's poems (15) into modern German is a very meritorious piece of work, and it is no reproach to the translator that his powers do not extend to the reproduction of the incommunicable vitality of the original. Such a performance, however excellent, must always have the air of a *réchauffée*.

The Meiningen performers (16), whose advent in London this season is expected with interest in theatrical circles, are the subject of an ingenious criticism in the form of a dialogue, with especial reference to the question of the extent to which stage decoration is allowable. The writer's private opinion seems, on the whole, adverse to the Meiningen practice, but the point is professedly left undecided.

The late J. L. Klein died when his gigantic history of the drama was but half completed, and the dimensions of even this moiety render it unserviceable except as a book of reference. It may be questioned whether his successor Pröls (17) has not fallen into the opposite error, and whether his present volume, respectable in point of bulk as it is, is spacious enough for the entire history of the national dramas of Spain and Italy, with a retrospective survey of the mediæval miracle play thrown in. The very conception of a general history of the stage involves a dilemma; if the scale on which it is undertaken is adequate the work is intolerably voluminous; if a more restricted plan be adopted, the execution is inferior to that of books treating of special departments of the subject. Herr Pröls's account of the Spanish drama, for example, though very good, cannot be compared to Schack's. He has nevertheless achieved all the success compatible with his design.

It is remarkable that two novelists should simultaneously adventure upon the delicate theme of Hadrian and Antinous (18). The treatment of the subject is less reserved in "George Taylor's" story than in *Der Kaiser* of Ebers, and perhaps on this account the effect is more decidedly antique than in the latter, notwithstanding Ebers's copiousness and accuracy of archaeological detail. At the same time, *Antinous* is not for a moment to be classed with scandalous novels; its tendency is indeed, on the whole, rather of an edifying character. Antinous is brought into contact with Christianity, which he is represented as inclined to embrace but for the dissuasion of his Imperial protector. Deprived of sober guidance, he falls a victim to the suggestions of an Egyptian priest, a tool of the worthless Verus, who dreads his influence with Hadrian. As a novel the book is above the average, full of life and variety, a clever and creditable, though distinctly imitative, attempt in the style of *The Last Days of Pompeii*. The principal drawback is the inadequate portrait of Hadrian; but Sir Walter Scott himself succeeded no better when he attempted to delineate extreme versatility in the person of Buckingham.

The title of "Queen Catharine's Ghost" (19) scarcely prepares the reader for an exposure, in the form of a tale, of the tricks of modern spiritualists, apparently founded upon Sir George Sitwell and Mr. Von Buch's renowned capture of the ghost in Great Russell Street about the beginning of last year.

Heinrich Keller's "Sinnjediht" continues its course in the *Deutsche Rundschau* (20). It has the author's characteristic merits, with perhaps less of local colouring than is usual with him. A long letter from Marshal Paskewitch to Prince Gortschakoff, written shortly after the fall of Sebastopol, is full of interest to students of diplomacy and military men. The old Marshal rates his former protégé soundly, and attributes the failure of the campaign to his incapacity. A lively sketch of both the men is added. Dr. Preyer's essay on "Hypnotism" is particularly interesting to Englishmen, for the full justice it renders to our countryman Braid, the first to frame a correct theory of this mysterious phenomenon, and whose investigations form the frequently unacknowledged basis of all that has been subsequently written upon it.

(15) *Gedichte Walthers von der Vogelweide*. Nachgedichtet von Dr. A. Schroeter. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolckmann.

(16) *Das Gastspiel der Meiningen, oder, die Grenzen der Bühnenanstellung*. Ein freundschaftliches Gespräch. Von M. Ehrlich. Berlin: Mitscher & Roestel. London: Kolckmann.

(17) *Geschichte des neueren Dramas*. Von Robert Pröls. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Antinous: Historischer Roman aus der römischen Kaiserzeit*. Von George Taylor. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

(19) *Der Geist der Königin Katherine. Eine Erzählung aus London*. Von Roland Rolandin. Leipzig: Baldamus. London: Siegle.

(20) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. vii. Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

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(10) *Die Heilige Sage de Polynesies*. Von Adolf Bastian. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Kolckmann.

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(13) *Schillers Leben*. Von H. Düntzer. Leipzig: Fult. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Allgemeine Geschichte der Literatur des Mittelalters im Abendlande*. Von Adolf Ebert. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Kolckmann.

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